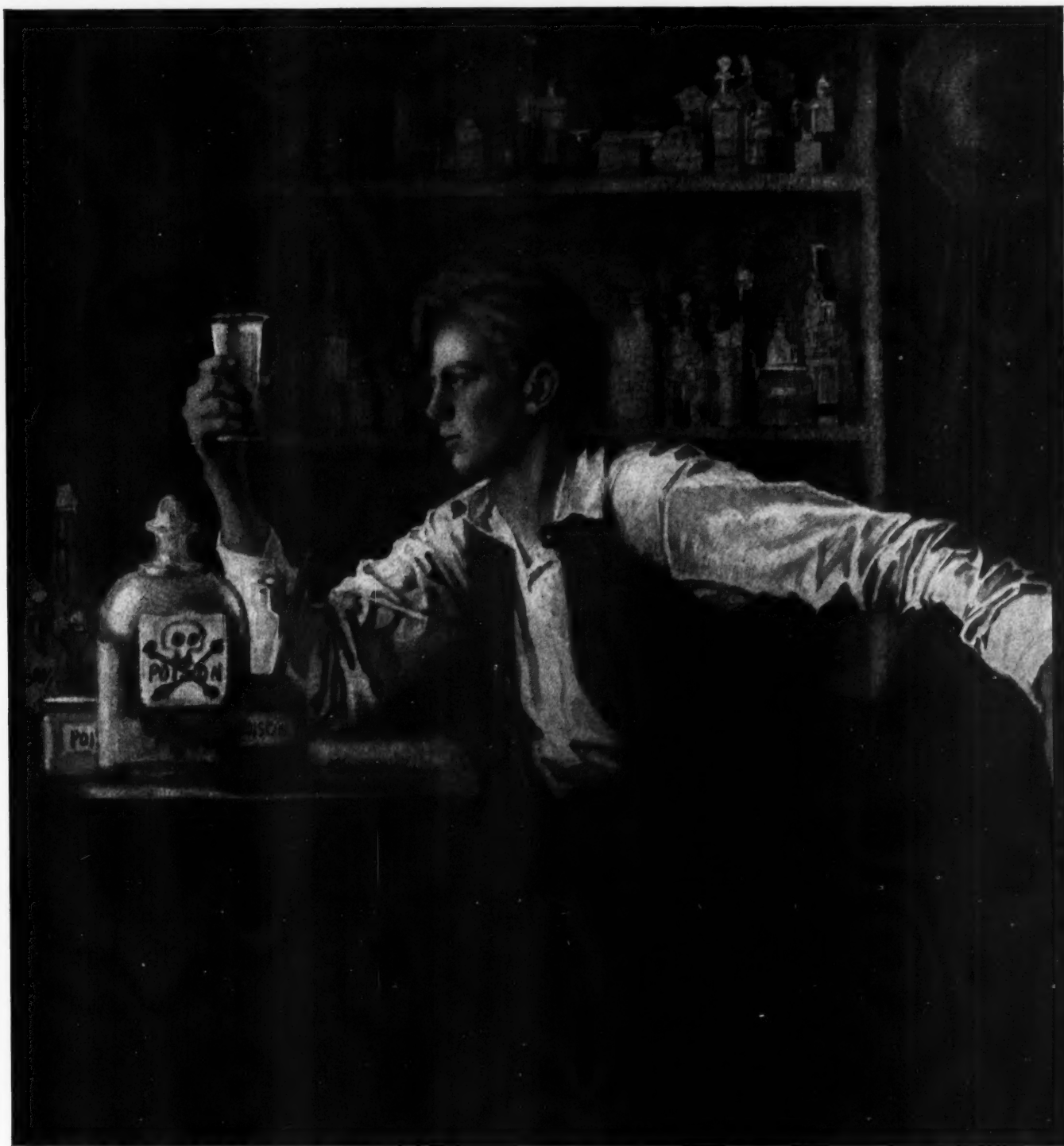


Hundredth Year

THE

November 11, 1926

YOUTH'S COMPANION

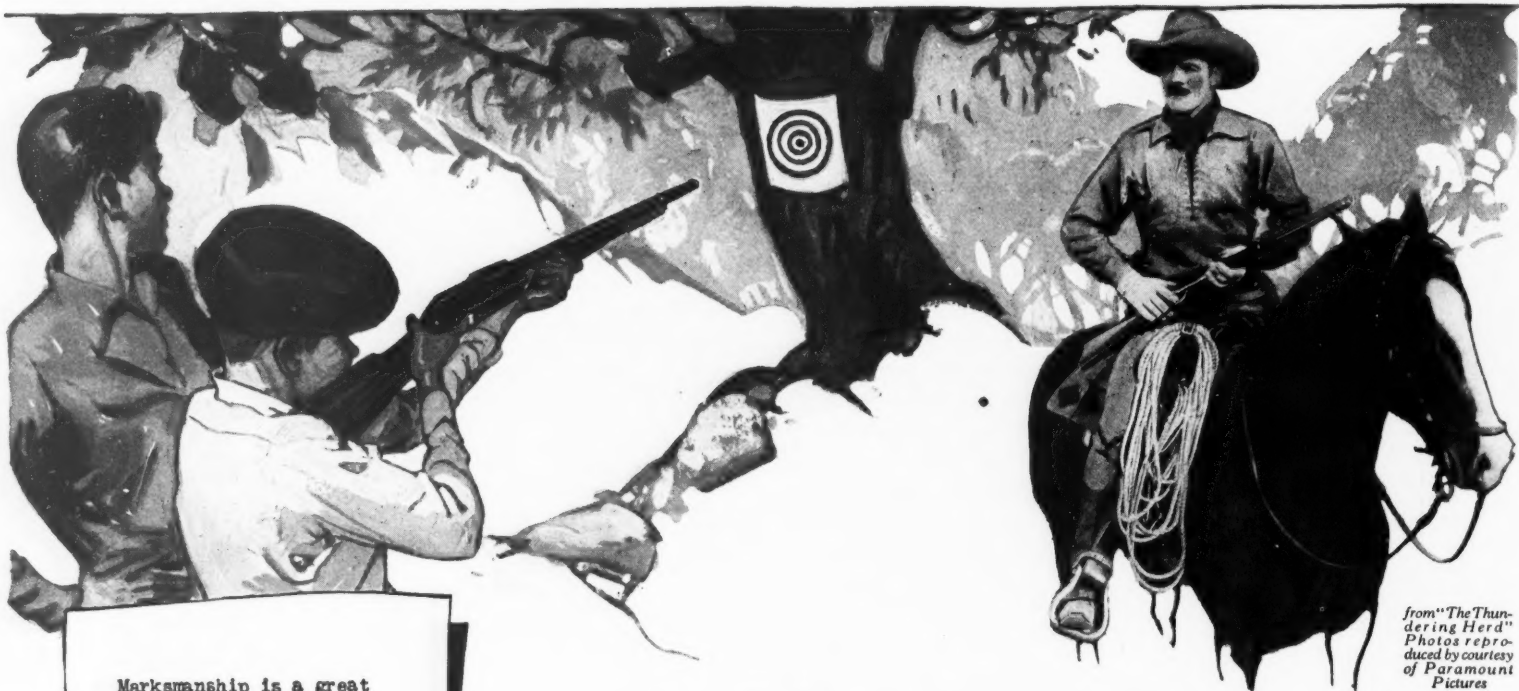


Painted for The Youth's Companion by FRANKLIN WOOD

AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE THOMAS ALVA EDISON SET UP HIS FIRST LABORATORY •
HE MARKED EACH SOLUTION "POISON" TO REPEL INTRUDERS • FROM HIS BRAIN
AND HIS DAYS AND NIGHTS OF ALMOST SLEEPLESS EFFORT HAVE SPRUNG THE
MOST WONDERFUL INVENTIONS OF OUR TIMES

In this issue: Stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart, Harford Powel, Jr., Margaret Lynn, J. W. Schultz

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from "The Thundering Herd"
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Jack Holt

Jack Holt comes from old Confederate stock. A descendant of Chief Justice Marshall, he was born in the Virginia house commemorated by the poem "Sheridan's Ride to Winchester," and was educated at Virginia Military Academy. He went West as a Civil Engineer, and tramped the frozen trails of Alaska, later settling on an Oregon cattle ranch. He was taken into moving pictures because of his exceptional horsemanship, and soon became a featured player in Paramount Pictures.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NOVEMBER 11, 1926

NUMBER 45



With the first rays of the dawn Gates and Mosby were picking their way along the wagon trail which led back through the hills, Mosby in the rear, his revolver in his hand

A Rock River Fugitive

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Illustrated by F. E. SCHOONOVER

"RIGHT over there," said the conductor, pointing to a low line of hills that lay blue-gray in the distance, "about fifteen miles back, fully a hundred men are closing in on Devil's Peak, where they think he's hiding. The sheriff has a party out, too, trying to get him back to jail alive. But they'll never get him."

"Why not?" curiously asked the young man who was standing beside him on the platform.

"Why? Well, just because some of these fool politicians in Bucks County have put in a new sheriff lately, and while I haven't anything against him, having never had any dealings with him, fellows that know say he's a tenderfoot who don't know the business end of a gun from the butt. Nice fellow for a sheriff!"

The young man stretched his arms and looked at his watch.

"Well, I'd better be getting my things together," he said. "She's almost due."

"That reminds me," said the conductor, turning back in the doorway. "Tom Watson, the engineer on No. 11, says he's seen a fellow about the build of Owens skulking around Rock River ravine for a couple of days. He may be waiting to board a freight on the siding there, you know. You'd better look to your guns."

The train slackened speed and stopped. From the baggage car, piece by piece, were unceremoniously bundled the constituent

parts of a portable camping outfit; the conductor signaled to the engineer, and a moment later the solitary passenger stood watching the rear platform of the train disappear around a curve.

There was no station house in sight, and aside from the single railroad track with its accompaniment of telegraph poles there was no sign of human occupation. Thickly wooded hills sloped steeply to the track, and in one place where the creek, dignified as Rock River, had swerved to one side a siding had found room to crawl, affording a temporary refuge for the very occasional freight trains that chose the Chestnut Burr route.

The late afternoon sun had already left the platform in shadow, and a chilly breath from down the valley warned the young man that he had many things to do before night set in. He unstrapped from his shoulder the specimen box which told the object of his visit and, throwing off his well-worn shooting coat, fell vigorously to work.

At the end of an hour he had set up a small shelter tent just back of the platform which constituted the station, and a brisk fire was burning in the sheet-iron camp stove, over which his tall figure might have been seen stooping solicitously. Before

long the odor of fried bacon, that invariable accompaniment of the camp stove, was filling the narrow gully and rising odorously through the trees above.

HAD there been any observers, it would have been apparent that the lonely camper was expecting a visitor, for at intervals during his work he straightened himself to look closely up and down the track. But his meal of bacon and coffee had been finished, and the diminutive frying pan, tin cup and plate had been washed in the creek across the track, before a slouching figure emerged from the woods and approached the camp. The newcomer came down the ties, his keen, suspicious eyes taking in every detail of the scene before him—the small white tent, the red glow of the fire, and the camper, whittling a piece of firewood dreamily on the edge of the station platform.

The latter was seemingly oblivious of his approach, but as he came within speaking distance the whittler stopped to ask curtly:

"Late, aren't you?"

The newcomer, startled, took his hand from his hip pocket.

"Well, mebbe I am," he said, as if the

matter had not occurred to him before in that light.

"If the kit hadn't been too much for one man, I'd have started without you, and been to White Rocks by now. As it is, we'll have to stay here tonight and start early in the morning. You know the country pretty well, I suppose?"

"I reckon I know every hollow tree and every hole in the ground around these parts," was the reply, with a grim humor that seemed lost on his companion.

"Mosby's your name, isn't it?"

"That's as good as any. What's yours?"

"My name was signed to the letter you received—Gates, J. W. Gates." Mr. Gates was looking slightly irritated. "You were recommended to me as the best guide in this part of the country, but you've made me lose valuable time already."

"No offense, Mr. J. W. Gates." Mosby took off a dilapidated soft hat, creased the crown carefully, and replaced it at the proper angle. "It was the initials that put me off. Folks in this neighborhood as a rule ain't got any—glad enough, most of 'em, to have a name."

"Got blankets?" asked Gates, tendering some chocolate as a truce. This guide seemed a man to conciliate.

Mosby ignored the question. He was feeling through his pockets and shaking his head dejectedly.

"Must o' lost my knife along with the rest," he said. "Went to sleep about noon

down the creek a few miles, an' woke up with everything gone. I followed the trail through the woods a bit, an' that's what kep' me late. Every blame thing's gone."

If Gates's face did not express any great degree of credulity, he at least refrained from giving expression to his doubts.

"I'm somewhat shy on blankets," he said, as he produced and offered another bar of chocolate, "but guess we'll manage somehow."

The two men sat there in silence for a time. The short twilight faded into darkness, and the trees stood faintly black against the sky-line. Once the chorus of the frogs and crickets was momentarily eclipsed as No. 11, the solitary evening train on the branch, rushed by, the heavy smoke from the engine reflecting swift flashes of light from the furnace beneath. As the lanterns on the rear platform of the train faded from view, Mosby rose and stretched.

"Turning-in time, I reckon," he yawned. "Kind o' chilly, too. If you're shy on blankets, I'll build a fire. We'll be better off than in that baby tent."

Gates assented, and they were soon rolled in their blankets by a brush fire, which had been supplemented by coal from the railroad. Mosby seemed extremely weary—in an incredibly short time he was breathing the heavy, long-drawn respiration of exhausted sleep. Gates lay very still, apparently sleeping. In reality his every nerve was quivering. For what seemed like hours he lay there, watching the bright blaze of the fire fade to a warm, subdued glow. Then quietly and cautiously he raised himself to his elbow, his eyes on the prostrate man near him. The heavy breathing con-

judicially on the edge of the station platform and proceeded to discuss the situation, while Gates, weak with loss of blood and helplessly raging, lay by the embers of the fire.

"Now," he said, fingering cheerfully the knife which he had extracted from the injured man's pocket, "things is somethin' like this. That hand won't be hurtin' so much in the morning, an' while you won't be quite so handy with a gun there ain't nothin' I see to keep you from goin' on with your little trip. This here's a pretty good outfit, an' I ain't for wastin' it. I've been lookin' for a chance to get 'cross the range for some time, but some friends of mine been so blamed anxious to meet me an' keep me here that I ain't gettin' there very fast. What is it you're after?"

"Geological specimens—rocks," said Gates wearily.

"Well, here's my little scheme, an' I think you'll find it convenient to agree. We'll strike 'cross the range toward the state line; you're huntin' rocks, an' I'm your guide. If we meet any folks you stick it out—an' mind, a wink to the other fellows, an' you'll get the first bullet in the scrap."

He pulled out with a flourish the gold watch he had taken from Gates, and opened it, holding it up in the firelight.

"Two hours yet to sun-up. Say, who's your lady friend?"

On the inner side of the lid was fastened a small photograph of Gates's mother.

Gates ground his teeth savagely, but, realizing his disadvantage, lay quiet.

"Real nice-lookin' girl," went on his tormentor. But this was more than the other man could stand. With a choking

packed up the outfit. There was no escape. No train was due for fully two hours, and even had Mosby's vigilance relaxed for an instant he was too weak to run for any distance. He was far from despairing, however, having the sanguine temperament of self-reliant youth.

The packing finished, Mosby shouldered his share of the burden, and with the first rays of the dawn they were picking their way along the wagon trail which led back through the hills, Mosby in the rear, his revolver in his hand.

Not far from the railroad they left the trail and struck into the hills. For hours they climbed steep wooded slopes, now making their way where going was easy, through pine woods with their springy carpet of needles, and again forcing their painful progress through dense underbrush and thickets. The two men traveled in silence. When Gates flagged, as occasionally he did, Mosby would request him to move on in a tone which required no interpreter. Once they stopped and in the shade of some giant rocks made a light breakfast of canned meat and bread, washing it down with water in lieu of coffee—it was evident that Mosby feared to attract pursuit by building a fire. During the afternoon they got out of the foothills and into the range itself. They were following now a kind of rough trail, and, although the ascents were steep, the presence of a path made progress easier. Once, as the trail skirted a steep bluff, they saw far below the smoke of a fire and some grazing ponies. With an oath Mosby drew his companion back into the brush and pressed forward at a speed that was almost beyond Gates's endurance.

plea of intense pain in his hand, he ate nothing; but Mosby stopped in the midst of his meal, dropping his mask of friendliness.

"Here, you, eat something. Think I'm goin' to have you gettin' sick an' weak on my hands, with fifty miles to cover yet? Either you eat enough to keep up, or I'll fill you so full of lead you can't travel." What might have happened had Mosby forced him, at the revolver's point, to eat, Gates never knew, for at that moment the other man dropped his tin cup to the ground and, rising slowly, took two or three dizzy steps forward. Then he stumbled and fell, his muscles twitching convulsively, his chest heaving laboriously for breath. His face from being deadly pale became scarlet, and the pupils of his open eyes were widely dilated.

Gates, not entirely unmoved, watched the struggling subside into a death-like stillness, and the rigid jaw relax. With a growing fear that he had used too many of the deadly nightshade berries, he bent anxiously over the prostrate figure. But the heart under the gray flannel shirt was beating strongly, and after taking away the arsenal of weapons which bulged from every pocket he prepared to make their quarters more comfortable.

Before unconsciousness had changed to delirium the tent had been set up, and Mosby had been dragged under its protecting cover.

And then Gates sat down to wait and watch. He had no medicines, except what virtue lay in plenty of cold water. For twenty-four hours Mosby raged in delirium, tearing at the ropes that tied him, singing



The following day Mosby and Gates reached the spot where below in the valley lay the extemporized camp. But, much to Mosby's surprise, his captor seemed as anxious as he himself to avoid discovery

tinued, but just as Gates rose to his feet there was a swift movement from Mosby, and a flash. Something fell clattering to the ground, and Gates, swung partly around by the force of the blow, sat down suddenly, with a groan. A bullet had gone neatly through the palm of his right hand, and the wound was bleeding profusely. He felt awkwardly with his left hand for a handkerchief to stanch the blood, Mosby watching him with an unpleasant smile.

"I don't approve of handlin' weapons so keardless like, an' in the middle of the night, too. Sorry to spoil that nice white hand of yours, but you needn't let a little thing like that spoil your huntin' trip, or whatever it is."

HE picked up Gates's revolver, pocketed it, and systematically searched its owner for its mate. That secured, he seated himself

oath he leaped to his feet and struck Mosby full in the mouth with his clenched left hand. They grappled, but the odds were too great. Gates, in spite of his youth and college training, was weakened by loss of blood, and in a few moments he was prone on the ground, his antagonist's knee on his chest.

"I've a mighty good notion to put a hole through your other hand for that," said Mosby, wiping away the blood from his lip. "But I reckon you'll be more useful the way you are. We're goin' to break camp now, so get up here an' hustle round. Breakin' in on my sleep the way you done makes me feel bad, so I'll sit here and watch." Which he proceeded to do, a revolver on either knee, ready to shoot at the slightest provocation.

Gates had bandaged his hand, and now with infinite labor and discomfort he

Night found them well into the mountains, and Mosby's vigilance relaxed somewhat. He lighted a fire, and they tasted the first hot food of the day. In spite of himself Gates made a grimace when he tasted the coffee. Mosby turned on him with a scowl. "Better make it yourself if you're so all-fired hard to please," he said sourly and relapsed into glum silence.

THE night was uneventful. They slept without a fire and were abroad early. Gates made the coffee, and breakfast was eaten in silence. The trail became so involved that Mosby was compelled to lead the way, his prisoner following. Had Gates cherished any hope of escape the previous day, he must have abandoned it now, for rapid flight was out of the question. His hand was troubling him less, and he began to take more interest in his surroundings. It was then that he noticed the berries. They were a satiny, violet black, about the size of a cherry, and the bush which bore them raised its broad, downy leaves almost to a level with his elbow. Gates eyed the bush suspiciously, and stopped long enough to slip one of the berries into his mouth. Its sweetish taste confirmed his belief, and he took good care not to swallow any of it. At the next bush of the kind that they passed, he contrived to slip into his pocket, unnoticed, a handful of the berries, with fervent prayer that they might be what he hoped.

They had made good progress during the day, and Mosby was inclined to be merry. They camped that night in a small clearing, with a noisy little mountain creek close by. Gates cooked the supper, while Mosby lounged and said nothing. The bacon supply being almost exhausted, the meal consisted of canned soup, sardines and coffee, and into both soup and coffee Gates dropped some of the pulp from the berries. On the

snatches of ribald songs interspersed with oaths—then the fever abated, and left him, weak, sullen, and entirely conscious. He followed Gates with vindictive eyes as he moved about the camp, but he made no effort to escape.

The third day saw a great improvement in his condition. Gates prepared to break camp and start back over the trail again, Mosby watching his preparations with evident anxiety.

"Loose these ropes, can't you?" he growled surlily. "I'm tied that tight I can't even take a drink without you feedin' it to me like a baby."

Gates smiled a little and shook his head. But he brought a tin of fresh water from the spring and held it to the other man's lips. Mosby drank, his mocking eyes fixed on Gates, then with a quick jerk of his head he pushed the cup aside and spit the water full in the younger man's face. Gates wiped it off coolly.

"I guess you're well enough to travel," he said. "I'd better get you off my hands soon, or I may forget and kill you."

"You white-livered specimen-hunter—you're afraid to shoot," taunted Mosby. But still Gates controlled himself.

The camp kit having been packed, they took up their homeward march in reversed order, Mosby leading, with his arms tied behind him. That night Mosby slept, while Gates watched him unremittently.

The following day they reached the spot where below in the valley lay the extemporized camp. But much to Mosby's surprise his captor seemed as anxious as he himself to avoid discovery. They passed unseen, however, and plunged into the secure depths of the forest behind. For a time they traveled in silence. Then Mosby halted and turned.

"What's your game?" he said roughly. "Why didn't you sing out back there?" "Well," said Gates, with a half smile, "it's precisely my game to see that those fellows don't get you. I'm the sheriff."

OUT from a little brick house and through a gate set in a low picket fence nearly three quarters of a century ago a boy toddled, intent on having a look at this strange world. His eyes were large and questioning, set in a face that was solemn and a little pale. His head was of unusual size and his body apparently frail.

He liked, more than almost anything, to be permitted to go to the busy shop where men hired by his father split wood brought from Canada into long shingles that were to defy northern Ohio storms for forty or fifty years. From this shop and from near-by sawmills and shipyards he collected building blocks by the hundreds and built himself roads and villages.

He ventured farther into the little town of Milan as he grew older, and there watched hundreds of wagons come trundling up through the ruts and the dust to unload grain from miles of surrounding farm lands into little sailboats. These, then, he saw towed off toward Lake Erie, almost ten miles away, beginning a long journey, which often led through the great Erie Canal and down the Hudson to New York. In the harvest season five or six hundred wagons would creak through the streets to the warehouses in a single day, and the village was filled with strange men who shouted greetings to each other, with womenfolk who did their "trading" and with children from the country who were overawed by all the bustle of the tiny metropolis.

Into town also came odd-looking, canvas topped wagons, always from the east and always pressing on westward, as the daring and venturesome men of the young nation pushed forward with their families toward the rich farmland beyond the Mississippi. Or, more romantic still, harder spirits there were who were lured by the gold of California and bound on the long and dangerous journey across the desert and through the mountains to the Pacific Coast.

In this world moved the boy of the brick house, watchful, curious, and full of questions.

Only a mother—and a mother sometimes anxious—seemed to understand the lad. Others shook their heads and thought that "Al" was slow-witted, or not "well-balanced," or that the Edisons "would never raise that boy."

"Al" was a trial, one suspects, to his father particularly. Here in a family of long-lived giants was a "weakling." The father, six feet of brawn, had a chest expansion of five and a half inches, and ran lightly upstairs at eighty years of age, and lived for more than a dozen vigorous years longer; while the grandfather scorned helping hands until he passed at the age of one hundred and two. Yet Samuel's son Alva, by some described as "addled," did not romp and play with other children, but moped about where there were grown-ups, asking innumerable questions.

Having an explanation, he was likely to test it. Once he was found sitting on a nest of hen and goose eggs, and it seemed very natural to him that he should try to hatch a mixed brood by the heat of his body. He had just been told that the heat of the goose's body hatched the furry little fellows that recently had come into the world in the Edison back yard.

Edison Hated Mathematics

About this time steel rails were creeping across America, and the canal was in a death struggle with the steam locomotive. The canal owners of Milan refused to help a railroad with a right-of-way through their town, and in doing so they picked the losing side. The railroad went through a neighboring town, and very soon many of the farmers began to haul their grain to the railroad. Milan slipped backward—and the Edisons moved to Port Huron, in Michigan.

It was here, when he was past seven, that Al Edison proved that, for all his curious questionings, he was to be a failure at school. It seems almost inconceivable to us now, but—putting the case bluntly—teacher and pupils thought him dumb—a "dunce."

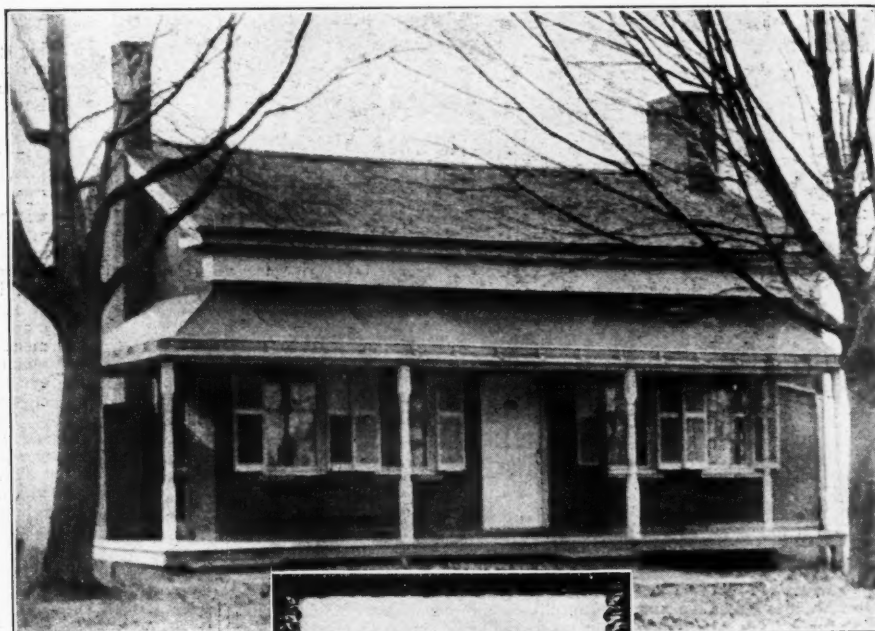
"I was at the bottom of the class," Edison says.

But not for long. Edison may almost be described as the boy who never went to school. And, paradoxically enough, he is also the boy who was to go to school daily for seventy-five years.

Thomas Alva Edison

How the boy who started his first laboratory in a railroad baggage car became the world's greatest inventor

By EARL REEVES



Keystone

The little house in Milan, Ohio, in which Thomas A. Edison was born, on February 11, 1847



(At left) Edison at fourteen, when his unflagging energy had already asserted itself on his news-route

Youth's Companion or from the few textbooks he could buy he had to prove to his own satisfaction before he was fully convinced. Weird materials sometimes went into the apparatus with which he made "laboratory" tests. Those were the

days when it was not so easy for a boy to obtain a technical education as it is today.

Edison kept his pin money spent to the last cent, buying chemicals and other necessary supplies. The cellar of his home was such a "mess of junk" as few mothers of boys have ever seen. Since Al the chemist had labeled each bottle "poison" as insurance against meddling by outsiders, the "lab" presented a frightful appearance to his mother. She threatened to "clean house" in the cellar and was met with tearful protests, so that a compromise was reached whereby Science retired to one cellar room, and the door was locked on it except when the master of its mysteries was at work.

When Edison's thirst for reading matter and experimentation had grown unquenchable he proposed to get a job as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway, running from Port Huron to Detroit. Against parental protest, he argued that this job would give him money for his experiments, and he also would have all the magazines and books he could read. He won a reluctant consent from his mother and launched into the world of business at the age of fourteen.

His First Invention Lost Him a Job

All the books, newspapers and magazines that he sold did not offer him sufficient reading matter, however, for it was not long until a librarian discovered him, during his "layover" between trains in Detroit, devouring book after book by a singular system, that of marking a shelf and reading along it in a straight line regardless of content.

But Al Edison began to be noted as a money-maker. Besides being a "newsy" he ran a vegetable store and news stand in Port Huron, using there two boys who worked on shares, and he hired a third to sell periodicals

on an express train, and a fourth to sell food and tobacco aboard an immigrant train.

He left Port Huron each day at seven o'clock and did not return again until nine-thirty in the evening. Then he was apt to read or experiment until midnight or one o'clock—bedtime hour being a controversial subject within the family. At this early age he had acquired his world-famous faculty of existing in perfect health on a few hours of sleep and almost unbelievably long stretches of intensely concentrated work.

And it was here and at about this time also that he first became a world figure. Not as an electrician, or as a chemist, or as an inventor—but as an editor. The baggage car of the train on which Edison sold his wares was divided into three compartments, one of which was unused. Here he kept his candies and newspapers and tobacco. To join them, as time passed, came some shelves and cabinets, and most of the bottles marked "poison" from the Edison cellar. He was now taking in eight or ten dollars a day, one of these always going to his mother, and after supplies had been bought he had much money for chemicals.

It was a paradise on wheels—enough money and opportunity to do what he most wanted to do; a moving laboratory, with the Detroit Public Library at one end of the run, and home and books and experiments at the Port Huron end. The good-natured conductor smiled upon the bottles and jars and test-tubes: his "train butcher" was becoming famous all along the line.

The train crew watched with interest too when young Edison had an old printing press lugged aboard in Detroit one day. The Civil War was being fought, and as he watched the avidity with which newspapers were bought the boy became ambitious to become an editor. He knew the telegraph operators at every station, and these had heard important news dispatches passing over the wires. He knew all the train crews and yard men, and news came pouring in to him as it seems to come pouring in to every good editor.

Soon he was publishing the "Weekly Herald," most of the type being set during the trip. It contained all the news of the line, and usually late war dispatches besides. It had a "circulation" of four hundred copies, and was no boyish plaything merely, for it brought him in twenty-five dollars a month.

The "Weekly Herald" was the first newspaper ever published on a train in motion, and as such won wide notice, including an article in the mighty London Times.

Then one day sudden tragedy descended upon this boy of many interests. Speeding at thirty miles an hour over a rough roadbed, the train set Edison's cabinets to tottering, and from an upper shelf a stick of phosphorus was thrown to the floor. It burst into flames, and the car caught fire. The conductor raced forward and fortunately was able to put out the flames, but his anger was almost boundless.

In a moment Edison found himself, his cabinets, chemicals and printing plant upon a station platform, while his ears rang with the boxing they had received. That cuff on the ears came to shut out the distracting noises of the world from Edison's brain. From this incident his deafness dates; but he will tell you that his deafness became a great advantage in many ways; that, for instance, he had to perfect the telephone and the phonograph to a point where he could hear it, and so made both successful commercially.

Many years later he had consented to an operation which, specialists assured him, would cure him of deafness, but when the morning for the operation came he was at work. There would be no operation. It might "let the world in," destroy the silence in which he had been able to concentrate with such intensity.

Edison turned to "stationary journalism" and with the help of another boy sharpened his journal into something called the "Paul Pry." The prying, however, caused an irate reader to throw its publisher into the St. Clair River, and he became a retired journalist shortly thereafter.

He had saved the small son of a station agent from being run over by a train; and in gratitude the agent offered the only thing he had to offer. He would teach the boy telegraphy. No greater gift could have been awarded, as it turned out. Edison had read

about and experimented a little with electricity, but the eighteen hours a day he now devoted to study of telegraphy clinched his interest and was the small beginning from which many great inventions grew.

At sixteen Edison was a full-fledged railroad operator, leaving his home to take a night job in a near-by Canadian town. All day he experimented and at night indulged in cat-naps between calls. Reprimanded for this, he invented an alarm clock attachment that would give his station signal each half hour—as was required of him—while he got much-needed sleep. This being discovered, he was fired. And so began his Odyssey.

Back and forth across the country he wandered. Into Indianapolis, Detroit, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Louisville and many other cities came Al Edison; a tramp in appearance, but differing from many of his fellows in that he did not have the weakness for drink which was so common in this roving fraternity of the telegraph key. He became one of the princes of the wire rooms, a "press" operator, able to take down in copperplate longhand the night's news dispatches as they came clattering off the wire at the rate of thirty-five to forty words a minute.

Success Beyond Belief

And then, when he was twenty-one and located in Boston, he formally entered the profession in which he has held front rank for over half a century. He filed his first patent: he was an inventor. He had "invented" many things—including an electric rat-killer—during the days of his wanderings, but none that he considered worthy of a patent until this; and alas, it was utterly useless. The first Edison patent was for an electric device enabling Congress to cast a ballot—each member by pushing a button at his own seat—in a small fraction of the time required by the calling of the roll. But in times of stress Congress wants no electric vote recorder; delay during roll-call often is a vital maneuver.

Soon thereafter he landed in New York, being penniless after dismal failures with a stock ticker and a device for sending two messages in opposite directions over a single wire simultaneously. He walked miles in finding an operator he knew, and then the operator could stake him to but a single dollar. His first purchase was apple dumplings and coffee.

His was a true romance of the great city. Three days later, still jobless, he sat in a room from which a ticker system was operated, studying the cumbersome and intricate machine which sent quotations out to three or four hundred brokers' and bankers' offices. The machine stopped. Edison fixed it. He was hired forthwith, at \$300 a month—more than twice the salary paid a crack operator.

Within a year—when he was twenty-one—he was asked to sell to his employers his patents on improvements on these financial



Keystone

Husband and wife—Mr. and Mrs. Edison today

ticker machines. Secretly he determined to demand \$5000 for them and be satisfied with \$3500. To his amazement he was offered \$40,000.

It was his first check. He did not know what to do with it. When he was told to sign it and take it to the bank he was handed a huge amount of money; he took it home and sat up with it all night, and was still so stunned by the miracle the next morning that he had to be told that he could deposit it in a bank and quit worrying about it.

With Edison as the inventor of the incandescent electric-light system, the phonograph, motion pictures and the storage battery we are all familiar. These things stagger the imagination, and yet the events of his struggling twenties have a lure for me. Consider that "peculiar effort of the mind"—to

use his own phrase—necessary to perfecting a means of sending four telegraph messages each way simultaneously over the same wire, his surprise at being paid \$30,000 for this "quadruplex system" and the subsequent saving of many millions.

Or consider that he perfected the telephone which Alexander Bell had invented, made it commercially successful, expected to get \$25,000 for his patents, was offered \$100,000, and accepted on condition that it be paid to him at the rate of \$6000 a year.

"Genius is hard work, stick-to-itiveness and common sense," he declares; and again, "Invention is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration."

Edison might almost have been casting his memory back over the eighteen and nineteen hour workdays of his younger life

when, after obtaining biographical material from his assistants, I asked him to say a few words to the boys of America through *The Youth's Companion*. He was interested in the celebration of the hundredth birthday and admitted its influence on his early life.

"I read *The Youth's Companion* for several years," he said, "then drifted into science. It appeared to me that Edison had fairly waded into science, but then he is addicted to mildness, understatement or sheer bashfulness in matters of the first person."

He spoke briefly—for now that he is nearing eighty he has "quit being interviewed" and any statement from him breaks his rule—about education, which is the main job of boys.

Edison's Message to Educated Youth

"The eye conveys more to the brain than words," he said. "Motion pictures should be added to the equipment in schools. It would speed up teaching. The Scout movement, which teaches boys by showing them how to do things, is good. Construction instruction in magazines is good. The radio-building craze has helped too. But the Scout movement plus moving pictures, and magazines plus moving pictures to illustrate through the eye, make the combination infinitely more effective than illustration by word alone."

"Looking forward into education, do you see any one particularly clear line in which we should make great strides?" I asked.

"One of the most important things in education has never been introduced," Edison said. "This is the teaching of rapid reading in the schools. I sense a whole line at a glance. My wife pronounces each word of the line to herself. I read four or five books while she reads one. I find this is general with almost everyone. Rapid reading is easily taught and is of immense benefit in acquiring a general education and providing a fine basis for thinking."

Approaching a new problem, Edison himself will read almost everything that has been written on a branch of science hitherto a total stranger to him, and literally think through it to a new way of doing things.

I had asked him for "something that a boy might sink his teeth into"—for a message which you who read this magazine might cherish as coming from the great inventor, and put into practice perhaps.

"Beside the door of the laboratory library," he said, "I have a statement by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It reads:

"There is no expedient to which a man will not resort to avoid the real labor of thinking."

"Many have this quotation on the wall where they cannot help noticing it. I wish it were posted through my laboratory and factories, where each man could see it. If one ties his arm up in a sling for three years, it will wither and be useless thereafter. The same thing occurs with the brain. So few seem to desire to train their brains to think. So many studiously avoid it—hence never amount to anything."

I leave that with you.

The Birth of Thomas A. Edison's Greatest Inventions

These rare and valuable pictures are presented by courtesy of The Edison Pioneers, a society of men who worked with Edison in the first years of his wonderful career

Fig. 1—Edison's original electric locomotive, built in 1880, and operated on the first electric railway in this country.

Fig. 2—The historic "black box," by which Edison discovered the radio spark in 1875, which he called etheric force.

Fig. 3—One of Edison's bipolar shunt-wound dynamos, made in 1879. Before then, no dynamo had an efficiency of more than 40 per cent. This dynamo had an efficiency of 90 per cent, and could light sixty 16-candlepower lamps.

Fig. 4—Edison as a young man of thirty-one, with his first phonograph.

Fig. 5—The original paper horseshoe carbon filament lamp, developed by Edison in 1879—the ancestor of every modern electric incandescent lamp.

Fig. 6—Facsimile of the original sketch drawn by Mr. Edison for his associate, John Kruesi, which resulted in the production of the first phonograph, on August 15, 1877.

Fig. 7—Edison's first commercial electric motor, built in 1880 at Menlo Park, N. J. This was the first motor built to operate on what was then considered the high potential circuit of 110 volts.

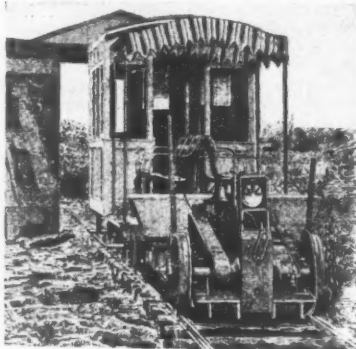


FIG. 1



FIG. 2

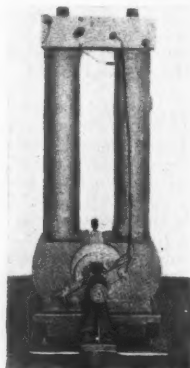


FIG. 3



FIG. 4



FIG. 5

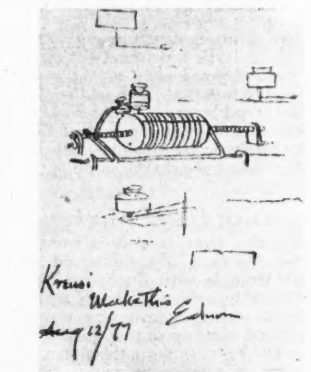


FIG. 6

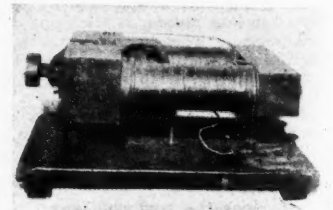


FIG. 7

TODAY is Armistice Day. It means less to boys and girls of fifteen than to those of us who are older, for young people can hardly remember the details of the long and terrible war that ended on November 11, eight years ago. This is a story of Armistice Day. But it has nothing to do with the rejoicings that went on, in every city in America and in the whole world, when the great news came that the war was over. I want to tell you of a boy who went to the war—a boy named Michael Huss.

I find that I must begin with his uncle, who had been christened Simi Hussinecz in the old country, but who was called a "bohunk" in America, and therefore shortened his name to Sim Huss. Uncle Sim did not like to be called a bohunk. He was so grateful to America for having given him a living, and he was so proud of his citizenship, that he wanted to be known as an American.

"In America," he often said, "a man can have anything!"

Uncle Sim Huss began his life in this country with a pick and shovel, digging ditches in Hoboken, N. J. He saved his money, went west, and bought a little farm. Then he opened a small general store, and when it began to meet expenses he gave the farm to his oldest son, who enlarged and improved it.

Uncle Sim's store was small, and dark, and not very clean; but it was really the beginning of the town in which he lived, and it gave Uncle Sim so much to do that, in old age he employed his nephew Michael as clerk.

"You are slow!" he said to the boy. "You don't hustle. You have no future—no future at all!"

Michael was an orphan. His father was Uncle Sim's youngest brother, and he had died when Michael was a baby. Then Uncle Sim and his wife, Aunt Natalia, took Michael into their home and saw to his schooling. As Michael grew up, all his other uncles and aunts left home, and bettered themselves. Uncle Sim did not complain. He intended to stay always with the little store that had brought him his wealth—that little fortune of a few thousand dollars which he had made. Uncle Sim was a pioneer. In other clothes he would have looked like a Pilgrim father; he had a piercing eye, and a long white beard, but he was crippled and bent and wore clothes that hardly could be described—the ghost of a long black coat, the phantoms of a pair of spring-sided shoes.

He loved America, and summed up his love in six words: "Meat on the table every day."

MICHAEL paid no attention to this frequently repeated remark. His uncle rebuked him. "Do you know what we had to eat in the old country? Food not good enough for the pigs here."

Michael was not impressed. He would have sat down without emotion to a Serbian peasant's dinner of turnips; he ate his Uncle Sim's cheap cuts of meat with equal calm. He was too calm. There was fire in Uncle Sim's make-up, but none showed itself in Michael.

He went through the long, slow days in the store so dumbly that he did not seem to know what they were all about. As a child in school, he was the same. Lessons meant little to him and games still less. As he moved slowly from grade to grade, he found only a few children of his own race. He was not persecuted by the boys of other races. They merely left him alone. There was one little girl named Ida in school, and sometimes Michael Huss and Ida were shunted off to one side of the playground; then they stood and talked to one another a little, and Ida asked Michael why he didn't take part in the games with the other boys.

Even when he was sixteen, and began to give all his time to helping Uncle Sim in the store, Michael had made no other friends at all. He used to wish, dumbly, that he had a home of his own. Uncle Sim and Aunt Natalia were kind to him, but they were not like a real father and mother. Michael thought he would like to be married, and have a store of his own, or else a farm. He could not make up his slow mind as to which of them he really wanted, a store or a farm.

"How did you get this store?" he asked Uncle Sim.

"My wife helped me."

There was no comfort for Michael in this explanation. He could not know that pioneers attain their rewards only because they dare to try for them. Uncle Sim had taken a great plunge when he broke away from the European town of Prague and came to America, a barefooted and penniless immigrant. His later plunges had not been so hard. He had become an American citizen. He noticed that

Unknown

By HARFORD POWEL, JR.

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN



"You are slow," Uncle Sim said to the boy. "You don't hustle. You have no future—no future at all!"

native-born Americans are not common laborers, but own farms and stores. Therefore Uncle Sim had skimped and saved, until he too owned a farm and a store. But Michael was not capable of moving so directly, on such a straight line. He went dumbly and glumly through the days. He had only two remarks for the store's customers: "I'm sorry, but we're just out of it," and "What else today, lady?"

These are not remarks which improve business. Uncle Sim used to crowd in, whenever he could, between Michael and the customer. Uncle Sim's earnestness often saved a sale when Michael's stupidity or indifference threatened to wreck it.

ON the evening of Michael's twenty-first birthday Uncle Sim gave him a pearl-handled nail file and a lecture.

"In America, what do we have? Meat on the table every day! Sleep warm every night! I am a poor man in America, but the people around Prague would call me rich. Thank God, I came to this country. In America, a man can have anything."

"I want more money," said Michael without warning.

"And for what?" answered Uncle Sim. "You are asleep all the time. You drive customers away. You have no future—no future at all."

He wagged his beard and waved his arms so fiercely that Michael subsided. But the old man had fallen in love with his own words. He kept repeating them. "You have no future," he said.

Michael began to worry about this possibility. It seemed to him that he was caught in a trap. His uncle paid him wages, but most of the money went back to his uncle for board and lodging. Michael went out and asked the price of meals and rooms elsewhere. He found that his uncle was charging less than half the price of the cheapest boarding-house in town. The rest of Michael's money went for clothes—cheap clothes that never fitted him—and for other necessary expenses. He spent nothing on pleasure, for he had no pleasures. But he was thinking, in his dull way. One evening he said that the store ought to get a horse and wagon, and deliver packages.

"The new stores in town deliver goods. Why not our store?"

"Since when is it *our* store?" demanded Uncle Sim, and the subject dropped. Michael was either too frightened or too indifferent to bring it up again. He continued to shuffle around, in his dumb, heavy-footed way. He spoke thickly, as if he had an impediment. But he spoke so seldom that it hardly mattered.

One morning he permanently offended Mrs. Tim Morrissey, the star customer of the store. She was an impulsive, good-hearted woman, the wife of the chief of police. On this occasion, she tried to return a badly soiled shirtwaist, and Michael refused to accept it.

"You made it all dirty," he said. "We couldn't give you credit. No."

Mrs. Morrissey blazed at him, all her good-nature turned to wrath. "It was dirty when I bought it!" she cried. "Your hands—look at them. Your shelves—I can write my name in the dust on them. Look!"

But Michael was shuffling away toward the back of the store. Uncle Sim came quickly forward, but he was too late. Mrs. Morrissey sailed out, quivering with rage throughout her vast bulk, and exclaiming that she would take her trade to Rosebloom's. Uncle Sim glared at Michael.

"I was right," said the boy. "She would make a habit of returning dirty goods in future."

"Forget the goods," shouted Uncle Sim. "It's *you* that have no future—no future at all."

This was the seven thousandth time, probably, that he had used these words. But seven thousand affirmatives do not necessarily make a fact. Uncle Sim was wrong. Michael had the most amazing future that has come to any American of his age.

He would have left the store, if he could. But he had no place to go. He was afraid to ask a farmer for a job, afraid of garages and big stores, afraid of any city bigger than his own. And he knew that his uncle and aunt loved him, in their own fashion. He was thin, but he was getting good food. He was a pale, underdeveloped young fellow, but he was never sick. What eventually took him out of

the store was not sickness, or even his inability to be a good clerk. He was blasted out of the store by a law of the United States.

The news came from Mrs. Morrissey's son, Patrick. Michael had no place to go in the evenings, so he usually lounged on the street corners before going to bed. In the towns unlucky enough to have no Y. M. C. A., or other good meeting-place for young men, they must lounge on street corners. But there is a difference in the desirability of these corners. Michael usually chose a dark and obscure corner near the store. He had been at school with Patrick, but Patrick had never spoken to him since.

Now Patrick came along the dark street and found Michael standing alone near the corner.

"Been looking for you, Mike," he said. "How are you going to like being a soldier?"

Michael blinked.

"I am not going to be," he said slowly. "I am not going to enlist. I am not interested."

"Is that so?" asked Patrick, sharply. "Don't you ever read the papers?"

"I'm too busy."

"Well, watch your step," said Patrick. "There's been a new law passed. If you are between twenty-one and thirty-one years old, you'll have to join the army whether you like it or not. That's the law."

Michael was still blinking. He said nothing.

"Get on to yourself," added Patrick. "If you don't register in the draft, you will be arrested."

Michael had a dread of that last word. He had seen the recruiting posters, of course. He knew that America was at war.

He meditated darkly and silently for an hour, and then took the news to his uncle. Uncle Sim had been well acquainted with compulsory military service in his youth. "You will have to go," he said.

For the first time in his life, Michael went on the following day to see Ida. He found her washing clothes at her father's home. She looked at Michael with new interest; there was a smouldering fire in her dark eyes. She gave him a great deal of information about the draft, and about ways of getting exempted. Flat feet; bad eyesight; bad hearing; heart trouble—there were apparently any number of things that would disqualify a man from service.

"But I'm well," said Michael, stubbornly. "I thought your feet might be cold," said Ida.

He looked at her dumbly.

"My feet are all right," he said. "I did not know this country wanted me. Of course I will go—now, today, before they come and grab me."

Ida smiled. "You want to be a soldier? You want to go and fight?"

MICHAEL told her, without preliminaries of any kind, and in his curious, halting, flat tone of voice, that he wanted nothing of the kind—he wanted to marry her, to have a store of his own, and live in rooms over it, and have children. It was the strangest declaration of its kind that you can imagine. Michael spoke exactly as if he were telling her that he wanted her to do his aunt's washing.

"I never knew what I wanted before," said Michael, truthfully.

"I believe you," said the girl. "All right—tell them you have heart trouble."

But Michael was shaking his head, stubbornly, like a bull. "The country needs me," he said. "After the war—then we'll see, maybe. Just now I am going to enlist."

She watched his little, stooping figure as he shuffled away toward the street. She thought of asking him to say good-by in more seemly fashion. But she was not emotional, any more than he was. She returned to her washing.

Michael plodded down town to the recruiting office and found it closed. He beat on the door, and it was opened by a sergeant—a burly regular-army sergeant, who had been cording up some boxes in preparation for going away.

"Too late, buddy," he said. "You'll have to register, now."

"But I want to go in the army right away," said Michael. "Will it be the same thing, to register?"

"You'll get action," replied the sergeant.

Michael was comforted. To his uncle he seemed much wider awake during the days that followed.

"War is one big waste," said the old man. "But I wish I could go with you, little

Michael. I wish I could pay America part of the debt I owe."

On June 5 Michael went to register.

It was a drab event. Men who had expected it to be fine and inspiring were disappointed as badly as were men who had predicted there would be riots. Michael wrote his name in a book in a barber shop and received a card which read:

REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE
No. 78

To whom it may concern, Greetings:
THESE PRESENTS ATTEST that in accordance with the Proclamation of the President of the United States, and in compliance with law,

Michael Huss
has submitted himself to registration and has by me been duly registered this 5th day of June, 1917.

Charles C. Rubino
Registrar

Michael put this card in his pocket, returned to the store, and worked all day as usual. But in the evening he went to Ida's house and told her that he had enlisted in the draft. And now, curiously, she looked at him with shining eyes, and told him that he would now be given a number, and that this number would be drawn by lot in Washington. On the day when Michael's number was drawn, she started to knit a sleeveless sweater for him, and she gave him six handkerchiefs with his initial on them.

Michael carried one in his breast pocket when he went up for his medical examination. He stripped in a large, crowded room, leaving his clothes on a chair at one side. When he went back, his handkerchief was gone, and so was his money.

Patrick Morrissey was there too, arguing with a doctor who had said that his feet were flat. "I'm a ball player," said Patrick. "I'm fast enough to play ball—just give me a gun, and I'll show you how many of the enemy I can catch."

He was refused, however. He went out with his head hanging; several weeks later another doctor accepted him. There were many others like Michael in the room; fine-looking boys, who went through the examination with their heads up and were glad to be passed; and many others with some glaring physical defect that could have been corrected when they were younger. And there were others, a sullen and slanting-eyed minority, who tried hard to fail.

But the doctors had found ways of exposing all such cowardly pretences. One doctor had a slacker in front of him, pretending deafness in one ear. The man put his finger in the other ear, and shook his head hopelessly when the physician spoke to him. The test went on for some time.

"All right," said the doctor. "We can't accept you. You are stone deaf in one ear." And then he added, very softly: "Take your hand down."

Instantly the man's hand dropped to his side.

BUT such skulkers were few, and the men were behaving just as they did when they registered. Waiting their turn, they laughed and joked, and wondered when they would go over the top. A man in line behind Michael whistled and hummed a variety of little songs like this:

"Good by, Dolly, I must leave you,
Though it breaks my heart to go;
Something tells me I am needed
At the front to face the foe . . ."

Then a doctor beckoned to Michael, and he shuffled out; a pale, thin, slabsided little figure, with no expression whatever on his face. The doctor went over him rapidly, listening to his heart, and prodding him sharply in various tender places.

"You're sound," he said. "But what have you been doing to cripple your feet? Let's see your shoes."

Michael padded over and brought his shoes.

"What do you think your toes are for?" asked the doctor, gruffly. "Those toothpick shoes would have crippled you. But you're lucky. The Army shoes will do wonders for your arches, and your bunions."

Michael didn't understand. But he discovered, a month later, that the well-fitting army boots issued to him by a camp quartermaster were the first he had ever worn in which he could wriggle his toes. Apart from this, he found no comfort in any detail of his equipment. It did not fit his lopsided frame. "You are so unstylish!" said Ida, when she

saw him on leave of absence from the training camp. Michael's breeches sagged at the waist; his canvas leggings sprawled down over the square-tipped shoes; his blouse was too tight in the back and far too loose across his chest. Ida sent him upstairs to her father's room. He wrapped an old raincoat around himself and came down with his uniform over his arm. Ida and her mother strove with needle and sewing machine to make it presentable. They ripped it apart and resewed it. But the final effect was not stylish at all.

Back at the training camp, Michael went through endless routine. They drilled him for hours every day, including setting-up exercises conducted by a sergeant with a steely, light-blue eye.

This was the same man who had whistled during the medical examination. He had served two hitches in the old army; and, although he wasn't thirty-one, he had the wrinkled, dried face of a man of fifty. Sergeant Flaherty became the terror of Michael's existence.

"Leaning r-rest in six counts!"

Michael, at this command, prostrated



"You are so unstylish!" said Ida, when she saw Michael on leave of absence from the training camp

himself on the palms of his hands and his boot-tips. His stomach rested on the ground. Then he tried to push himself up with his hands. He could do it once. Then his flabby triceps muscles failed to lift him. He lay prone, like a squashed beetle.

The sergeant came over and brooded menacingly. He threatened, in a hoarse, alarming whisper to stir Michael with the toe of his boot. Sergeant Flaherty could perform any exercise indefinitely; his body was rubber and whipcord. Michael's body was mushy. In his leanness there was no strength. A drill sergeant is likely to pick out one man as a horrible example, and remember him from day to day, and "ride" him unmercifully. Sergeant Flaherty rode Michael.

Michael continued dutifully to attempt the setting-up drill. He never achieved success, and he never learned to look as if he were successful. The steely blue eye penetrated into his marrow. After what seemed an eternity in the training camp the division was ordered overseas.

By this time, Michael was a trifle more muscular than he had been. A few months in camp will not put perfect strength and suppleness into a boy who has neither. But it helps. And Michael had been assigned to a duty in which strength and suppleness were not necessary. He was a K. P.

Except during the Kitchen Police duty, he was totally inconspicuous. His uniform, despite Ida's best efforts, was the worst fitting of all the uniforms in his squad. His blouse, though it looked a little better in front, rose up and wrinkled strangely in the rear.

The journey to France was long and dull. Michael was not afraid of periscopes. Kitchen Police duty aboard the transport filled his time completely—it was merely a little harder and hotter than K. P. duty ashore. Landed, the division went into training quarters. As far as Michael was concerned, this training made no difference. He flunked on bayonet drill as completely as he had flunked on other drill.

Further eternities passed. Some regiments went up to the line. Michael remained. By the middle of 1918 he was firmly and permanently attached to a headquarters company which performed tedious duties in a small French town.

Even Michael, who neither saw nor understood very much, could not help noticing that this French town was much poorer than the town in America from which he came. The people did not have meat on the table every day. He missed the movies. He saw no stores as large as the store of Uncle Sim. He was nowhere near the front and never heard a shot fired except in practice. He was merely in a little town on the other side of France.

The whole war, as far as he was concerned, was a chore. He peeled potatoes and turned the handle of the meat chopper. Before inspections, he was taught to take the chopper apart and clean its worm-like inside until it shone like silver.

He received several letters from Uncle Sim. They were not very interesting. But they made Michael regret that he was not at home. He would have liked even his old opportunities to stand alone on dark street corners. Perhaps Patrick Morrissey would let him stand on the brighter corners, when the war was over. He wrote twice to Ida, and she sent him a picture postcard. In the space marked "correspondence here" she told him that Uncle Sim was doing an improved business.

It was all safe, slow and dull. It remained so, even after he was transferred to another headquarters company nearer the front. The commanding officer was a lieutenant named Johnson. And there was a familiar face in the new company. Sergeant Flaherty was there. He remembered Michael.

The principal duty of the company was to police the ground around headquarters, and up to the quarters of troops who were in support of the line. They cleaned and disinfected all sorts of unpleasant things. Michael acquired a strong chemical odor. He walked miles every day through desolate fields—fields over which battles had been fought in the early years of the war.

Sergeant Flaherty saw to it that Michael did the dirtiest work. He climbed down into pits and spread around fresh earth which was shoveled to him from overhead. He was powdered thickly with chloride of lime.

Sometimes a faint rumbling sound, like a distant thunderstorm, came from the horizon

in the east. Michael was told that this was artillery, thirty miles away.

"An' you'll never be nearer to ut," said Flaherty, with a scowl. "Ye're too vallyable here. There's the corpse of a horse out behind the Mayor's house. Run out there, Michael, an' disinfect."

Michael stolidly approached the white-eyed horror, from which a flock of birds fluttered up into the air. He doused it with disinfectants and returned for further orders.

LIEUTENANT JOHNSON wore horn-rimmed glasses. He whistled all day. He had only one tune—a bad tune called "Bonbon Buddy, the Chocolate Drop." There were no old soldiers in his command, except Sergeant Flaherty; but Lieutenant Johnson was not an experienced soldier himself. He was merely cleaning up behind advancing troops; as they advanced, his company advanced closer in their rear.

On October 20, 1918, at half past three in the afternoon, the lieutenant and the sergeant led a platoon along a rough road through a wood. It was an ugly little wood, full of scraggly trees and low bushes. There were unmistakable signs that it had been fought through very recently.

The autumn twilight was setting in, and it was so dark in the wood that it was not the lieutenant's fault that he took a wrong turn. He marched for an hour and did not come to the village at which he was to report.

The men in Michael's squad marched in single column. Michael walked last. The man in front of him had a mandolin strapped to his back. But he supplied no music. The only music came from the officer's lips:

"Bonbon Buddy, the Chocolate Drop,
The Chocolate Drop, that's me!"

Sergeant Flaherty walked slightly in the rear of the lieutenant. The man with the mandolin talked a good deal.

"Wish the loot would get a new record," he said. "That fool tune makes me tired."

A shot cracked out on the left. "Bonbon Buddy" died away in a choking gurgle as the bullet passed through the lieutenant's throat. The wood was suddenly full of gray uniforms. Gray-clad figures of the enemy sprang up like ghosts in the twilight. They were shooting fast.

Flaherty turned, with a mighty leap of his rubber and whipcord body. He saw his men straggling along in column. "Asskirmishers," he roared. "March."

He died, pistol in hand, in his tracks. The men made a hasty, confused effort to obey his command. They deployed raggedly. Michael ran to his right, tripped over a root, and fell sprawling into a mass of leaves and twigs—the bushy top of a fallen tree.

He lay unseen in this cover, and heard the word "surrender" shouted just ahead of him. The men near Michael had dived into the bushes. One or two of them fired at random, and then the enemy bayonets started to seek them out.

Michael lay close and began to realize the strange thing which had happened. He had been far from the war. But now the war was here. These men in gray were the enemy. Lieutenant Johnson had marched straight into them, and they had killed him. They were trying to kill all the other Americans.

A surge of fury swept through Michael. He knew suddenly why he was in France. All his old timidity flooded away from him. For the first time in his life he felt thoroughly clear-headed and awake. Killing Americans, were they? Shooting and stabbing his friends, men who had slept with him, worked with him, done all kinds of tasks with him! Michael peered out through the heavy branches. He was safe there. He would not be found. The enemy were walking through the wood in front of him, looking for easy victims.

But Michael knew what he would do. He would fight! He would avenge the death of so many of his companions; and perhaps the noise would bring up another American company, who would overcome the enemy.

He got on to his knees, cocked his pistol, and stood up. The leafy branches cascaded off his back. He knew it meant death to be seen, but he did not care. One spasm of deadly fear ran through him. It passed, and he walked out.

The setting sun struck squarely in his eyes, and he blinked, looking for the enemy. He heard a voice before he saw them in the glare. "Keep your hands up!" ordered the voice. "Surrender."

"No!" shouted Michael, and charged.

His charge was a clumsy, stumbling trot, and many bullets were aimed at him before he had taken three steps. The enemy officer

shot him as coolly as if Michael had been a charging boar. But the shot passed through his shoulder, and he kept his feet. Other shots rang out. Still Michael, lurching from the impact of many bullets, kept staggering forward. Something held him up till he neared the officer; it may have been luck or chance, but I think it was force of will. He got there, and drove the muzzle of his pistol against the smooth gray cloth over the officer's chest, and fired one shot.

Then he went to his knees. His body was all one mass of pain, but his eyes were wide open. He fired his remaining six shots, left and right. Then he crashed forward on his face.

There were more shots fired during this episode than had been fired before. An American company, going into position on the right, heard them and came up at a run. They drove the enemy detachment out of the wood. And then they found Michael lying there dead, with the dead officer in front of him, and other dead men, left and right.

"By heaven," said the American captain who led this company, "it looks to me as if that little man had charged the whole gang, single-handed!"

"That's what he did," answered a survivor of Michael's squad. "I saw him do it myself. He was a bohunk, too."

The American captain took off his helmet. "He was a brave man," he answered. "Do something like that yourself, before you call him names."

They buried Michael, temporarily, where he lay.

FOR those whose habit it is to doubt, this story has already ended. But I believe that the rest of us may have one more glimpse of Michael, the boy who had no future at all. In that long minute under the fallen tree he lived his whole life, and was actually born again, both as an American and a man. And in the few crowded seconds that followed he filled his life with achievement; by his gallant and utterly hopeless combat with enemies who surrounded him, he gave warning that his fellow Americans were in peril, and he saved many of them. A life may be short or long. What matters at the end is the measure of accomplishment it holds.

Michael was tried and not found wanting in that moment; he achieved his destiny then.

There is no system, whether in peace or in war, that can keep everything from going wrong. Michael should have worn an identification disc. One was given to him,

known soldier, when his body was removed from its temporary grave. And I believe that when, among all the other unknown men, it was time to select one for eternal honor as the Unknown Soldier of the United States, Michael Huss may have been the man.



"I saw him do it myself," said a survivor of Michael's squad. "He was a bohunk, too."

but he had lost it many months before. There might have been papers in his pocket, other things by which he could be recognized. But there were none. He was an un-

known soldier, when his body was removed from its temporary grave. And I believe that when, among all the other unknown men, it was time to select one for eternal honor as the Unknown Soldier of the United States, Michael Huss may have been the man.

had not thought deeply about their love of America, but who were not found wanting when the great adventure came. The choice was made at last by a sergeant, who designated one coffin at random out of a row of unmarked coffins, so that nobody could ever tell on whom the honor fell. But if, as I believe, it fell upon this man, there could be no man to begrudge it to him among all the men who did come home.

Perhaps you were in the city of Washington, when the Unknown Soldier was buried.

There was a long procession that moved out toward Arlington Cemetery. There were great multitudes of spectators, standing with heads bared while a coffin was reverently brought to a glorious tomb. Behind and above this vast assembly that listened in solemn silence while the music rose and fell must have stood another and still larger audience—an invisible host. There were men in that unseen multitude who fought at Yorktown and Gettysburg and Palo Alto and the hill of San Juan. For this cemetery is the last earthly home of men who have worn their country's uniform. Sailors and soldiers, they stood unseen while the body of the Unknown Soldier was buried with such honors as have come before to no other American in history.

And if these men were there in spirit, I know that George Washington was there, and that Abraham Lincoln watched the burial with eyes that held both pity and pride; and I believe that somewhere near these two stood a shorter figure, still in olive-drab uniform, in the sagging breeches and the wrinkled blouse,—the spirit of Michael Huss, and watched while the body of Michael Huss was lowered into its splendid grave.

The ceremony came to an end. Street cars began to run again, newsboys shouted, typewriters clicked in offices, and machines rumbled in mills. There had been a hush over the whole nation while the Unknown Soldier was buried; such a hush as has never come before, may never come again, in our history.

Back at home in his rooms over the little store, Uncle Sam Huss sat down to supper with his wife. "I still wonder what became of our Michael," he said. "In America, a man can have anything."

M R. Gard kept looking over toward the neighbors' as he sat eating breakfast. "Orcutt don't seem to care for your meals any more," he said presently.

"He's eating with his healthy new friend," laughed Mrs. Glasgow.

"You see what hog and hominy can do," Mr. Gard was a little pre-occupied.

"Anyway, he didn't wait around to offer to start the plowing," said Mr. Glasgow.

But nobody lingered at breakfast or in talk this morning.

Janet's father talked to her mother a moment over behind the wagon, but Janet heard him. That was going to be one advantage of this way of living. Janet could almost always see through hinting talk or veiled talk if she had time enough. Grown persons were not able to hide so much after all, even those as clever as her father. But doors and walls are often a hindrance to the spreading of information or opinion. The open country certainly had its own advantage.

"I hate to begin like this, Esther," her father was saying now. "But it's lucky Gard's here. I've got to trust him."

"I'm sure you can," said Mrs. Glasgow firmly. "I'm sure of a man like that."

"It's the best we can do," he went on regretfully.

So Mr. Glasgow drove away across the grass.

Janet helped her mother and looked and went off to examine a strange flower and came back and helped again. This was a rich morning! After a while she took a pail and ran down to the stream for water. There was a spring just above the stream, and she set her pail close to the bank and while the water slowly trickled in looked over at the house that was near. The house was so long and so flat that it almost seemed to crawl. One end, Janet discovered, was a shed for horses. The ground

about the house was hard and empty, and the few willow trees near the bank were rubbed smooth and bare on their lower trunks. A child came from the house, rolled itself under the pole fence, and edged itself slowly over toward Janet. It was a thin dirty little thing, perhaps five years old, in a single vague grimy garment that came to its ankles. It stood picking at its nose and looking sulkily at Janet.

"Good-morning," said Janet, who liked all children, even dirty ones. "Are you a boy or a girl?"

The child continued to pick its nose and stare. Then it suddenly began to whimper and run back to the house, its whimper growing to a loud cry. Janet, taking her pail of water and turning away, saw a woman come to the door and look out. Janet was very much interested in that woman.

The Gathering Storm

By MARGARET LYNN

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

Chapter III



Roberts shook hands with Janet last. "Be sure you know me in daylight," he said

"I WISH I could shoot," said Janet to Mr. Gard at noontime, while he was waiting for his horses to finish their feed and their rest. She began to feel very comfortable and friendly with Mr. Gard, although he was so quiet a person; and Janet dearly loved easy personal relations with grown people. "It would seem natural. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think so. You'll never learn younger. The trouble is, it takes so much ammunition to practice with, and we can't afford to use much of it up. I'll tell you though," he went on in the same logical way, "I'll give you some powderless lessons. You'll learn to aim and pull the trigger and to load."

So that afternoon Janet had her first lesson in shooting a revolver.

About the middle of the afternoon the woman from the house by the stream came dragging up the hill. She carried a baby and the five-year-old halted timidly a half-hillside behind her. Mrs. Glasgow was sitting in the shade of the wagon, mending some of the damage which the trip had done to clothes, and did not hear her coming. She looked up in surprise. "How do you do?" she said promptly as she rose. "Oh, the baby!" Janet's mother too loved babies and never could do enough for them. "Won't you sit down?" They had put the wagon seats on the ground for chairs. "No, I guess I won't set."

The woman had a soft drawling voice, lax and flat. But though she was so limp and unemphatic in her manner she kept looking about suspiciously. Suddenly she said to Janet, "What'd you all do to scare my young-un this morning?"

"I didn't do anything," answered Janet, very apologetic. "I just said how-do-you-do or something, and it began to cry. I didn't mean to frighten it at all. I'm sorry."

"Huh," said the woman. Then with the same suddenness she spoke to Mrs.

Michael. I wish I could get all come out here the debt I owe."

On June 5, Mrs. Glasgow and make a home," it was said. Glasgow quietly. "I don't know," said Mrs. Glasgow, smiling. "We haven't been here long enough to know what that means. What is it?"

"Huh," replied the woman again, skeptically this time. She went draggingly off down the hill, collecting the other child on her way.

THE rest of the day passed, and Mr. Glasgow did not return. Late that night—at least it seemed late when there was nothing to punctuate the evening but the gradual coming on of dark—a man turned from the track that led down to the ford and rode toward them.

"Hello!" he called. "Is this the Glasgow camp?" When he was answered he came on. "Glasgow asked me to tell you that he had to go on to Lecompton to see about his business and couldn't get home until tomorrow. Then he will stop to bring out a load, and he may be late. Is that Mrs. Glasgow?" He peered through the dimness and took off his hat as he spoke. When Mrs. Glasgow answered he dismounted and offered her his hand. He was tall and slender and seemed very young. "My name is Seth Roberts, and I'm a friend of Roger Stivers. He sent me out to tell you."

Even Mr. Gard showed that it was a comfort to have someone who was friendly come to see them, and one who seemed so strong and well-spoken. They lighted the lantern, and he tied his horse to the wagon-wheel and sat down to talk awhile.

"Well, how does it seem?" he began sociably. "As if you had come to roost on the edge of nothing?"

"I think it's wonderful," said Janet without waiting for her mother. Sometimes she did forget that she was not to speak first.

"That's good free-state talk!" he cried. And in a minute he had her name and Aleck's and had told them a lot of things in return. "You know you get pretty glad to see children out here," he said to their mother. "Only you don't know it until you do see them."

"I s'pose Glasgow heard a good deal of news in Lawrence today," said Mr. Gard. It made them realize how much of a sacrifice he made in staying with them instead of going out to meet other men.

"Well—" Roberts hesitated, and Mrs. Glasgow said, "Tell us all you can. We have to get started on facts as fast as possible."

"It's hard to tell. Things are all in a mess, as they have been from the first, and no sign of clearing up. You know the winter was fairly quiet. It was a bitter winter, and the Missourians went to cover across the river and didn't begin to come back until warmer weather opened. Anyway they got a kind of setback in the Wakarusa War when it went to a fizzle, and didn't gather up their forces again. So there were a good many quiet weeks. But things are getting pretty lively again. You know in general how it is—free-state people like you coming in and settling and the others trying to keep them out or to torment them when they come. Just now the chief slavery center is Lecompton, ten or twelve miles across country from here, perhaps less. They call it the capital and Governor Shannon is there and the Federal Judge and Federal Marshal. The Judge and the Marshal are not very favorable—to speak mildly—to any free-soil element. They are hatching up plans there all the time. We don't know yet what will come of them. There is a good deal of raiding going on. I hate to tell you, Mrs. Glasgow, on your first coming." He glanced aside at the children also.

"We have to know," said Mrs. Glasgow. "We knew pretty well, all of us, what we were coming to."

"Well, I hope you won't find out anything too hard."

"Is Lawrence in danger just now?" asked Mrs. Glasgow. Everyone knew how it had been attacked last autumn in the Wakarusa War.

"In a way. There are men there they want to arrest. Jones keeps buzzing round. But something always happens. He can't find the men or he thinks he hasn't a big enough posse to try it or somebody looks cross at him and he slinks away, saying we were mean to him. Then he goes and tells Shannon and Judge Lecompte. They all hate Lawrence. And there are plenty of threats."

and it met and just adopted the Missouri constitution, slavery and all. But the free-state men here objected and said it was a fraudulent election—"

"I should think they would!" interrupted Janet emphatically.

"Yes—and then the government finally appointed a committee to look into it. Only that didn't keep them from going on as if they were chosen honestly enough. But in the fall another election was held. The friends across the river didn't attend this, and they elected a different legislature, and it adopted a free constitution and chose Doctor Robinson territorial governor. You know there's a temporary governor appointed by the President."

"So there's two of everything!" said Janet.

"You may go to sleep, dear. I'll hear anything that's coming."

"So will I," said Janet very sturdily. But after a while she did go to sleep.

THE morning wore on very slowly. It was near noon when Mr. Glasgow's team appeared, moving ploddingly along in a line past the Barman place. Janet and Aleck raced to meet it, and Mrs. Glasgow stood with both hands shading her eyes, as eager as they and more relieved. No wonder he moved slowly. He had left the wagon-box in town and in place of it had a big load of lumber. A cow was tied behind the wagon, and he was suiting his pace to her wearied protesting steps.

"The cow has come home," said Mr. Gard as he left his plow. "Welcome to Sukey!" A nice cow she seemed to be, looking them over in a kind family manner.

"It's for you to water her, Aleck," said Mr. Glasgow. "She's your pet and Collie's." But the cow said she was going no farther, drink or no drink. So Aleck toiled up and down the hill several times, to bring her water in his small pail.

But everyone waited for Mr. Glasgow to speak, and he was quick to explain. It was as he had feared. This was the land, but there was no record of it anywhere. Nobody knew what had become of the man he had supposedly bought it from. It would not have done any good to find him, anyway.

"So there it is," said Glasgow.

"I suppose you have a plan," suggested Mr. Gard.

"To get everything done at once," Mr. Glasgow smiled a little but was full of energy. "A half-acre of plowing has to be inclosed. I'll have to go back for posts and poles because there isn't time to cut them at the creek. I found a man that will sell them. And for more lumber. The mill the New England Emigration Society sent has enough ready. And we'll run up a shanty of some kind. It'll meet the law and keep the rain off us. And we'll have to hurry."

"Well, I'm a pretty handy carpenter."

"You're a treasure. You're everything!" exclaimed Mrs. Glasgow.

"It's all for one purpose, ma'am. If I'd known, I'd have plowed a square though."

"Let me plow," offered Aleck. They smiled at him, but they looked thoughtful.

"Let me plow!" cried Janet. "I've seen boys no bigger holding the plow-handles," said Mr. Gard. "And son here can ride one of the horses and guide."

So while Mr. and Mrs. Glasgow decided where the house was to be and what it was to be—there was little question about that—Mr. Gard staked off the extension of his plowing to make a square, and set the plow in for Janet and showed her how to hold the handles to keep the plowshare in the ground, and put Aleck up on Jake.

"Every day is grand," thought Janet, as she put all her thoughts and strength into holding the plow in place; it was always wanting to turn its point upward.

BY mid-afternoon they had reached the marks Mr. Gard had set, and the two tired children were required to rest.

Before the afternoon was over a strange horseman came riding up.

"Hello," he said, and when they answered he asked, "Can you put me on the road to Hickory Falls?"

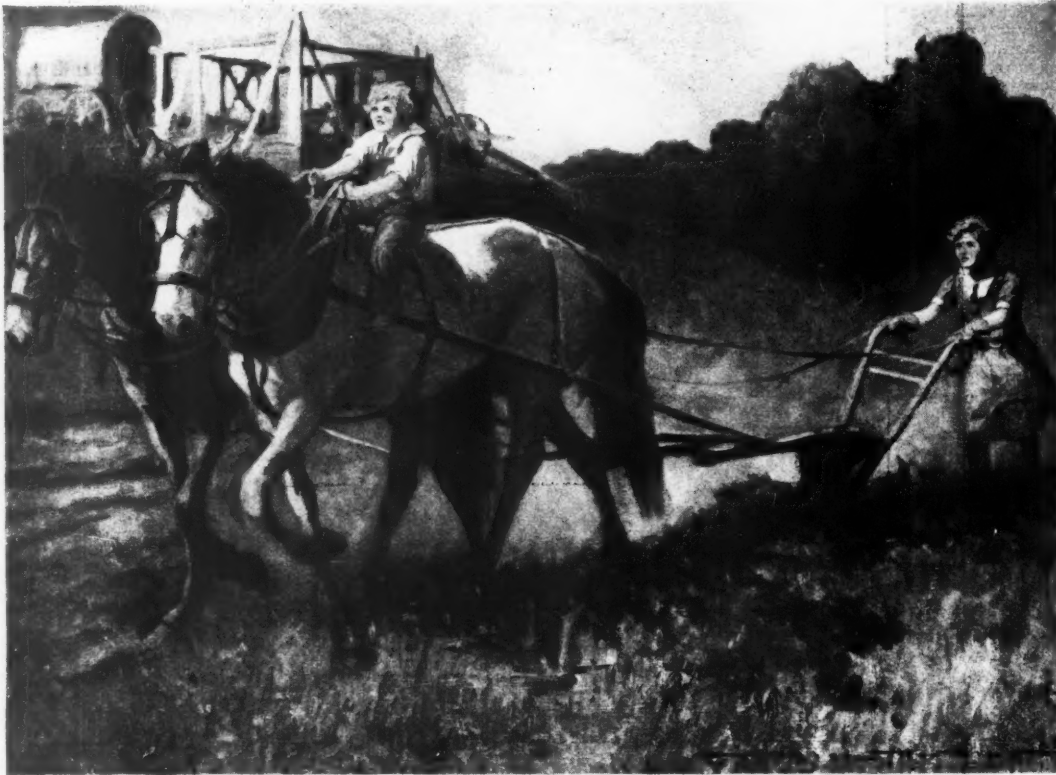
"It is in that general direction," Mr. Glasgow pointed. "But I don't know where you strike the road."

The young man was looking all about while Mr. Glasgow spoke, scanning everything.

"Good ev'nin'," he said shortly, and rode abruptly on.

"Keeping an eye to the port-hole," said Mr. Gard, driving home another nail.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



"Every day is grand," thought Janet, as she put all her thoughts and strength into holding the plow in place

He sat and talked awhile longer, mentioning names like Jim Lane and Doctor Robinson. Him he called Governor Robinson because the free-state men had elected him governor under the constitution they had adopted. Roberts admired him and General Lane tremendously. And in the end he grew very enthusiastic, saying they were sure of final success. "One thing's certain. We won't give up until we have it."

At length he went away. He shook hands with Janet last. "Be sure you know me in daylight," he said. "Send for me when you need help, Mistress Janet. I hope I can do something for you some time, ma'am," he added earnestly. Then his impatient young horse carried him off.

JANET went and sat by Mr. Gard. "I don't understand it," she said.

"Older and bigger people don't," he answered.

"I thought I did when father explained it. I thought we were coming out here so that there would be more people that didn't want slavery than people that did. I thought we would just live and vote and not leave room for the others."

He laughed his kindly intelligent laugh. "You didn't think anybody on the other side would object to that?"

"Well, not in such a mean way. Father didn't say much about that."

Mr. Gard thought about it, smoking. "Let me see if I can make a plain story of it."

He looked at Janet's mother, and she nodded encouragingly. "Everything was to depend on voting, as you say, and that was to depend on the number of citizens here. But voting was not so simple after all. When the elections for delegates was held, about a year ago now, hundreds of men came over the border, from Missouri, and voted as if they lived here, and then went back home. That way they elected a slavery legislature,

Mr. Gard laughed again and patted her shoulder. "Pure right and wrong are hard to find, sister. Specially in politics."

"I hate slavery people," said Janet fiercely. "So do I," added Aleck sleepily.

"Janet!" said her mother.

"Now, now 'tain't worth while, little sister. Hate slavery all you want to and always hate rough doing. But hating people takes a roost inside you and makes bad feeling too easy. It's a good thing to make up your mind pretty young that good people can think different ways. Not that I hold with slavery though," he added.

Down at the foot of the hill horsemen came galloping into hearing, moving along the way to the ford. They drew up down below the camp, seemed to speak a little, then dashed a short way up the side of the hill, yelling and firing a few shots, and then returned to the road. Twice they did this, and then went off across the creek.

Mr. Gard sprang up, but only to stand a moment and then seat himself again.

"Nothing to do about that," he said calmly.

There was nothing for anyone to do. But it gave them a shiver which kept them a long while from sleeping. Janet lay very quiet because she did not wish her mother to know that she was awake. But she drew herself tightly together with her crossed hands holding her shoulders hard and all her muscles just on the edge of a tremble.

Never before tonight had she heard this sound—the soft deep thud of many quick hoofs on the sod. Horses on the road she knew, but not horses galloping free of road, and of law and custom. And then if the horses seemed to be coming against you! And shouts ringing out in the dark, as if men were very angry!

She thought she was lying very still. But after a while her mother spoke very quietly,

THE following is one of the stories told at the Old Squire's diamond wedding—the diamond wedding without diamonds!

This was not till long after Addison, Theodora and Ellen had left home. The Old Squire was ninety-five, and Grandmother Ruth was in her ninety-fourth year. I had come home for a few days in April to see how things were going on with them. Not that they really needed care: on the contrary, they were still quite competent to manage their affairs; yet it seemed only right that we should keep an eye to them, in case we were needed.

There was a new silo to be built that spring, and I had been off to engage the lumber for it, when on my way home past the Corners post office I found that a letter had come from Theodora, then a teacher at the mission school for Sioux Indian girls near Pierre, South Dakota.

"I hope you are not forgetting that the 16th of May will be the seventy-fifth anniversary of Grandmother Ruth's and the Old Squire's marriage," she wrote. "We have always said, you know, that we would have a diamond wedding then. It would be a shame for us to let it pass unobserved; all the more since their golden wedding went unnoticed on account of sad events connected with the Civil War. But surely we must have that diamond wedding. True, there will not be many diamonds! None of us are rich enough for that. But what odds? We will all come home and bring other tokens of our affection. I have written to Cousin Addison. He likes the idea and will be on hand. Cousin Ellen has already been down here from Bismarck to talk it over; she will come on East with me, two weeks beforehand, to help put it through. And, oh, how good it will seem to be at home together again! Now you talk it over with Gram and the Old Squire."

A diamond wedding without diamonds! Well, "what odds," as Theodora said? Besides, Grandmother Ruth never cared for diamonds. "Little glassy, cheap-looking things," was what she always said of them. "All the jewelry I want is my string of good gold beads and the little gold band for my married finger, that Joe gave me the spring I was eighteen and came to Maine. It is worn pretty thin now, but I guess it will see me through. I want them to bury me with that on my finger; but the gold beads I am going to give to Theodora."

The old lady looked disturbed when I first read Theodora's letter. "Wouldn't it almost look like tempting Providence to start such a great jollification here, now that Joseph and I are over ninety?" she questioned. "I can't help thinking we would better be preparing our minds for the last great change!"

But the Old Squire cried, "Good!" He was still trying to fit for college at Yale, or pretended to Addison he was. Addison was now an instructor at Yale. Latin the Old Squire liked; but French gave him trouble—the pronunciation. "How the French people ever got their language into such a state to pronounce passes me!" he used to exclaim.

"There would have to be a great dinner party and an all-day entertainment," Grandmother Ruth remarked a little apprehensively. "And whom should we invite? Nearly all the old friends who began life with us have now passed away, and the few that are left are so deaf and so infirm they can but just toddle about! It would be pitiful to see them trying to make each other hear."

The Old Squire looked thoughtful. "Better give it up, had we?" he asked.

"But Theodora and Ellen will be dreadfully disappointed; so will Addison," I objected. "They've planned to come home purposely for that. They have quite set their hearts on having a diamond wedding."

Grandmother Ruth heaved a sigh, and for some moments the Old Squire sat looking much concerned. "It would be too bad to disappoint them," he finally said. "It is kind of them to want to do it. But—" Suddenly his face brightened. He had had a new idea. He was quite apt to have them, up to the last of his life, and they always brightened his face in that way. New ideas, I sometimes thought, were the secret of his long, healthy life, the elixir that constantly freshened him.

"What if we give up the idea of having only old people come? Why not invite a houseful of young folks?" he exclaimed, laughing. "We could send for a few of our old friends, such as are able to come," he added apologetically. "Wouldn't that make it go off better? Give them all a good dinner and have the jolliest time we can?"

"But, Joseph," Grandmother Ruth inter-

That Merry Diamond Wedding

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HAROLD SICHEL



The young Old Squire saw the squaw dash at his young spouse, brandishing her knife and muttering imprecations. "Run, Ruth! Run!" he shouted

posed, "the young people of this generation wouldn't be interested in our old affairs. We couldn't make them enjoy themselves!"

"Oh, don't you think we might?" the Old Squire questioned doubtfully, but still a little hopefully, loath to give up his new idea.

"I'm sure we could," I said. "You could tell them stories of the times when you and Gram were young. Tell them of that time when you first brought our youthful grandmother home to Maine—and the squaw that came to attack her and got worsted."

"Dear me!" Gram exclaimed. "You are not going to dig that up, I hope!"

"Well," the Old Squire said, laughing again, "that was a very pretty bout while it lasted. It was over and that big squaw was lying in a mudhole before I could get there and take a hand. All I had to do was to pick up the squaw. It showed me conclusively why the red race on this continent never had a fighting chance with the whites!"

"Oh, Joseph! I don't want the young people of this generation to think that the girls of seventy-five years ago were 'fighters'!" Gram remonstrated.

But the notion had tickled the Old Squire's fancy, and I could see that he intended to tell that story.

ADDISON came home and brought a large tent, which was pitched out in the orchard: a tent large enough to contain tables for sixty people.

The Old Squire had his way about inviting young folks as well as old; but he insisted from the first that "no toll should be taken," or, in other words, that those who came should not be expected to bring presents of any kind, and that it should be expressly stated in the invitations that presents had been ruled out. It was to be a joyful occasion without "pelf."

Finally, after Theodora and Ellen came home and active preparations began, it was decided to invite Mr. Kennard, preceptor at the academy where we young folks had attended school, and his pupils; and they all came.

Of the aged people whom the Old Squire and Gram had known since their young days, there were now but six living who were well enough to go out from home, and one of these was "old Cyp Camberwell." I remember that quite an animated discussion arose over inviting old Cyp.

"I am not going to have that old reprobate!" Grandmother Ruth declared emphatically.

"I don't want to seem to slight him," the Old Squire replied.

"But, Joseph, you know what a life he has led. He stole horses. He has been in jail half a dozen times, and now he is on the town farm!"

"Yes, Ruth, I know," the Old Squire assented. "I know he has made mistakes,

pretty bad ones. But I am not going to pass him by. I am too near the great jumping-off place to put on airs of self-righteousness over any one."

"But, Joseph, what would the others think to see that old rascal here?" Grandmother Ruth remonstrated. "They would feel insulted to have to sit down at table with him!"

"Well, they will have to stand it," the Old Squire declared with unwonted obstinacy. "Old Cyp is going to have an invitation."

"Oh, Joseph, haven't you any sense of propriety?" the old lady protested, flushing pink from vexation. "But I don't believe he would come," she added. "He would know better than show his sinful old head here among decent people!"

"Then I shall send the team to fetch him," the Old Squire remarked quietly.

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" was all the comment Gram could find words for. The Old Squire, however, seemed unusually set about this; and in order to be sure that no left-handed procedure went on he drove round by the town farm and delivered the invitation himself; and quite early on the day of the wedding he sent one of our hired men with the horse and buggy to get old Cyp. The old fellow had done his best to "fix up." He had put on a dark-blue army coat with brass buttons and brushed his gray hair slick and flat across his forehead. I never saw deeper furrows on a human face; but there was a gleam in his hard old gray eye as he clambered down from the buggy and stumped up the walk to the house door with the aid of a stout cane. His whole bearing seemed to say he was well aware (so Grandmother Ruth declared) that he had no proper business there, but since "Joe"—as he always called the Old Squire—had sent for him he was determined to back Joe up on it, come what would! He had only been at the town farm about a year, and that largely on account of an accident which befell him during a "difficulty" he had with the Maine liquor law of that time, on the subject of hard cider.

THE wedding anniversary was too early for flowers in Maine, but we made quite a brave show of decorating the house with evergreens; and at high noon the "happy (old) couple" were remarried on the front piazza, dressed the same as they had been seventy-five years before, as nearly as could be managed, and using the same ceremony. Old Elder Witham officiated—with much solemnity. Congratulations followed and dinner was served at two o'clock, Addison and Ellen presiding out in the tent, Theodora and I serving the old people at a table in the house.

But these usual features need no extended description. A very unusual feature, however, did occur. As the girls had at first planned the festivity, it was expected to last

only that one Saturday and Sunday evening; but it somehow stretched out over Sunday. Tidings of it had gone abroad, and people—some of them hardly more than strangers—kept coming in groups, all with the most friendly, joyous faces. In short, the wedding had got going, and we couldn't stop it! It went on day after day. We were led to keep open house and serve refreshments to callers and visitors, out in that tent, all the following week, till poor Theodora and Ellen despaired of ever being able to end it.

Addison declared jocosely that we should have to nail up the gate at the foot of the lane and post a notice that the family had moved away!

Still they kept coming, three, four, ten or twenty at a time. The Old Squire and Gram were obliged to keep "dressed up" in their wedding attire and be at the door, receiving visitors and accepting congratulations. The newcomers had to be invited in, conversed with at length and told all the facts and particulars of the wedding. More than once the weary Ellen exclaimed that never again would she have anything to do with a diamond wedding! Unless it had a safety brake on it and could be stopped at will! She estimated that meals or luncheons were served to over three hundred people.

Yet, when all was said, it had been a tremendously joyous occasion; and the stories and anecdotes that were related, either by the old folks or their visitors, would fill a book. About the best one of them all, too, was that told by old Cyp Camberwell! At least it made everyone laugh most. But as the Old Squire came in first with his story of young Grandmother Ruth and the papoose, I will tell that now. Old Cyp's may come later.

Gram's experience in mothering a papoose occurred during the first month after she and the Old Squire were married, when she was in her nineteenth year and he was twenty. The wedding came off at Great-grandmother Pepperill's homestead in Connecticut. The old lady gave Ruth a fine "setting-out," and there was so much of it that they could not take it all with them, when the young couple drove home to Maine a week after their marriage. They had a two-horse team, but another team was needed to draw the whole of it. There was no railway then, to say nothing of motor trucks; and a week after they left the old lady dispatched the remainder of the "setting-out" by one of her own double wagons, to be taken as far as Nashua, New Hampshire, at which point the young folks were to return to get it, after they had reached home. There was a "high-boy," a bed with turned mahogany posts and a canopy top, for Ruth's best room, an oak rocking-chair and, well, a host of other fine things.

In those days and at that time of year, people journeying to Oxford County, Maine, from Connecticut, preferred to go through New Hampshire by way of Nashua, Dover, Rochester, Ossipee and across the Saco River either at Cornish, Hiram or up at Fryeburg, according as the "going" was good or bad.

They reached home after an exciting experience at a ferry over the Saco River; and they went back to Nashua five days afterwards, to meet and fetch home the rest of the "setting-out." And they had returned as far as the same ferry over the Saco; at least that was the way the Old Squire told the story.

"The ferry boat was on the far side when we got there with our load," he related. "I blew the horn for the ferryman but failed to raise him and finally crossed over in a little old skiff there was at the landing, to find him. I left Ruth to stand by the horses' heads and guard the load of goods. The ferryman I found at work clearing land and burning off brush, at a distance. I had to go all the way to fetch him, and so was gone for some time."

"While I was away a little birch canoe came floating down the river and seemed to be empty. Here and there it touched the river bank, grounding for a moment, then twirling around and gliding on again with the current. Ruth came as near as she could to look down into it as it passed by. What she saw was a little brown baby, lying on a sodden blanket in a broken basket. The tiny thing stared up at her out of its dull black eyes. It was not crying but looked aggrieved and uncomfortable, for it was very wet and the day was windy and cold. Its lips quivered when it saw Ruth, yet it merely stared at her without a whimper. She knew that it was a papoose, and that the canoe must have got adrift accidentally. In those days there were still a few strolling Indians in the

valley of the Saco, for the most part wretchedly poor and degenerate.

"TO rescue the infant was Ruth's first very natural impulse, for she knew there were falls only a short way below. Springing down the bank and into the water knee-deep, she caught the canoe before it drifted out of reach, and drew it securely ashore. The sight of the distressed little waif at once stirred her heart to pity. Its only garment was a frayed piece of red blanket, through a slit in which its little black head had been thrust. Its bare feet were dabbling in the cold water, its tiny toes tightly curled from chill. Lifting out the dripping basket, Ruth carried it up to the wagon, wrung the water from the infant's single garment and after wrapping the papoose in my overcoat, laid it on the wagon seat. What to do for it she hardly knew, having as yet had little experience with babies. She supposed it ought now to be fed and that it should be better protected from the cold; and it was while casting about in the wagon for dry clothing that a squaw

appeared on the scene—burst out of the near-by woods, with a large knife in her hand."

This squaw, as our young grandfolds learned later, was well-known among the settlers along the Saco by the nickname of "Savage Sal." She was the mother of the papoose and that afternoon had left it in her canoe at a place several miles farther up the river, while she went to a store some distance away, to exchange a fox skin she had trapped, for a quart of her favorite Medford rum. While she tarried by the way to refresh herself the canoe and papoose had floated off, and most likely would have gone over the falls but for our young grandmother's plucky effort to salvage it.

Returning, after many stoppages to enjoy the contents of her bottle, and finding her papoose gone, the creature set off to look it up, and it was during this quest along the river bank that she came upon our folks' wagon at the ferry. Espying her papoose on the wagon seat, in the possession of a stranger, Sal very likely jumped at the

conclusion that the whites were trying to kidnap it. The fury with which she rushed forward may therefore have been due to maternal instinct, beclouded by drink.

By this time the young Old Squire had found the ferryman and had returned where the ferry boat was moored; they had just pushed off when, glancing across the river, he saw the squaw dash at his young spouse, brandishing her knife and muttering imprecations.

"Run, Ruth! Run!" he shouted. "You can outrun her! Run!" He saw Ruth jump down from the wagon, but, instead of running, she faced the squaw and stood her ground. ("I wasn't going to run!" Grandmother Ruth exclaimed indignantly, when the story was told. "I didn't know the child was hers. I thought at first she meant to kill us both.")

The Old Squire was horrified and kept shouting, "Run, oh, run, Ruth! Why don't you run?" Ruth stood still, however, but when the squaw rushed at her she stepped nimbly aside, seized the red virago by the

wrist that held the knife and with a quick exertion of her vigorous young strength swung her half off her feet and flung her down the bank and into the muddy, shoal water at the foot of it. Sal got out, however, clawed her way up the bank, and came at grandmother again with a howl, stabbing wildly with the knife she still held in her hand. But again her wrist was caught, and this second time she was flung so forcefully that she went down the bank and into the water, head first.

The young Old Squire and the ferryman, both of whom had been pulling with might and main at the ferry rope, were now close at hand. The squaw was helped out and disarmed. She was well known to the ferryman, and he was able to contribute information which was necessary to set the misunderstanding right.

Under the circumstances not much could be done for the papoose save restore it to its mother; but it was not without misgivings as to its fate that they saw Savage Sal paddle away up the river.

WHAT you call this story depends entirely on whether you are more interested in the wrist-watch that began it or the hat that ended it. But they both belonged to K Blake.

K didn't care much about having things—which was fortunate, because her family weren't rich and if she had wasted time wishing they had a car like the Cravens', or an Adirondack "camp" like the Kents', or that she had a closet full of clothes like Leila Sayre, or a charge account for all the books she wanted at the Harding Bookshop like Jinny Fay, why, it would have been time wasted. The Blakes drove a little car a great many seasons and summered at home, except for an occasional brief taste of sea air and sea bathing. And K used library books, and a new dress was an event in her life, to be pondered over carefully and chosen with discretion and a proportioned regard for all the varied occasions at which it must serve her.

That was the only thing K minded about being poor: not the having to do without a great many things, but the having to "shop around" for the few she did have. Of course it was only sensible, with just a little to spend, to look for bargains, and get colors and styles that were not so conspicuous you'd tire of them, and not marked too plainly with the year you bought them, because you'd have to wear them out. K, being a middle-between, had begun life by wearing out her big sister's clothes. And because she was small, dainty in her ways, and light and graceful in her motions, wearing out anything was for her an almost endless process.

"I suppose I'm lucky," K said, "not to go through things like a shot, or shoot out of them like a shot, as Judy does. But I can tell you one thing: if ever I get a good chance to be extravagant, I'm going straight to Benjamin Monsy's after the gayest, filmiest, most impractical dancing dress I can find. I'll wear it three times, and then give it away!"

That was the summer after her freshman year at Harding, when, for the first time in her life, K had lived and worked and played with girls of all sorts and kinds, and seen how easy and luxurious life can be—and how hard. When she was a junior and the long-awaited chance to be extravagant came, in the shape of a perfectly reasonable, perfectly unexpected cheque from her great-uncle Stephen, K had grown a little older and much, much wiser. For example, she had discovered that you can economize on clothes and still indulge in a bright color, if you keep to the same one. Hers was green. And further she had learned that evening gowns, being needed seldom and not worn hard, can, in these sensible days of brief simplicity, be tossed together in no time and, if only you have chosen a lovely fabric, are sure to be successful and good for far more than three wearings. And that leaves nearly all your dress allowance for one afternoon costume and the "sport"

Turnips and Platinum

By MARGARET WARDE

Illustrated by EDWARD RYAN

clothes which the girl of today lives in.

So K didn't spend her cheque for an evening dress. At first she had some idea of saving it, at least until the extra expenses of senior year loomed right ahead of her. But she had promised herself to be extravagant; here was her chance. It might never come again, and Mother and Dad seemed perfectly willing for her to take it. Her mother's only suggestion had been, "I wouldn't fritter it away on a lot of little things, daughter," and Dad had added, "No, don't do that, for I am quite sure old Steve wants you to have something really

and then Isabel importantly produced from her slicker pocket a small white box.

"See my bargain watch!" she said, and flashed a dainty platinum wrist watch, an absurd, entrancing flat-oval, before K's eyes. "Oh!" breathed K delightfully. "Isn't it lovely!"

"Certainly is," agreed Isabel. "But please be sufficiently impressed with its being a bargain. Because I've got a perfectly good watch now, only it's just gold, and a regular turnip for size. I think my family ought to let me be fashionable, as long as I can do it for a song, don't you?" Isabel smiled



The Hat That Changed became a feature of spring-term life at Porter Hall. The girls were forever inquiring about it, offering suggestions for more changes to go with filmy clothes and hot weather. Ursula and Joe and some of K's other intimates went beyond suggestions and made donations

good to remember him by."

K was going to spend that cheque,—spend it recklessly and regardless,—only she couldn't think just then, of one big, beautiful thing she wanted! That is, not until she saw Isabel Hollister's new watch.

She met Isabel downtown one afternoon and joyously accepted her invitation to have a sundae at Kingman's. It was a gusty, slushy, shivery March day, but there was a whiff of spring in the air, and in three weeks spring vacation would begin. The two girls perched on high stools and gave their orders,

knowingly into K's admiring eyes. "Hundred and fifty, marked down from three hundred."

That very minute K knew that Great-Uncle Stephen was going to give her a new watch to remember him by. She'd never had even a gold watch—just a silver one with leather strap, a schoolgirl sort of watch, the very thing to pass down now to her younger sister.

"Have they any more bargains where you found this?" she demanded anxiously of Isabel.

THEY had, it appeared. It was "watch week" at Harding's best jewelry store. Isabel proudly escorted K back there. She had spent over an hour deciding among all the lovely bargains, but K knew in a minute which she wanted—one a bit smaller, and thinner and plainer than Isabel's, and costing twenty-five dollars more. Harding's best jeweler complimented her on her choice and agreed to hold the watch until she had written home and got her money.

"I think you're foolish to spend that extra twenty-five," Isabel told her as they left the shop. "Hello, Lu!" she interrupted herself to greet a girl who was coming into the store. "You another wise one, out shopping for watches?"

The girl named Lu nodded happily. "I'm going to have a present of one."

"Why, so am I!" cried K impulsively. Lu tossed her a droll little mocking smile. "Is yours a from-myself-to-myself present? Mine is. I suppose it's very extravagant, but still I really do need a decent watch."

"Don't you know Lu Thorne?" Isabel demanded of K, when Lu had gone into the shop. "She's from the Middle West. Had two years at some little co-ed college out there and entered our class this fall. She hasn't any family and very little money, but she's no-end smart. Tutors hours and hours every week. She coached me a bit in logic—that's how I met her first. Then when Julie Chase had to leave college after the flu the Dean's office let Lu move into Julie's room in Pendleton for the same amount she was paying in some sad place off at the end of nowhere. She loves it on campus, and we all like her."

"Wish you'd introduced me," said K. "I've seen her around, but she's not in any of my classes and I didn't know she was a junior."

"Have you over to dinner next week to meet her," promised Isabel. "She didn't know anyone till she came on campus, and now of course, being so busy—" She returned abruptly to the matter of the watches. "You know, K, I do think you're wasting those twenty-five extra bucks. Oh, I know it's a present, but you said you'd got the money and were spending it all to suit yourself. Maybe you've got nothing special to do with twenty-five bucks, but if so you're not like me!"

Suddenly K knew why she had never exactly liked Isabel Hollister. Isabel wasn't exactly sincere. She was one of the girls who had everything, like Ursula and Jinny Fay and Jo Kent. And she knew perfectly well that K was one of the kind that, from her point of view, had nothing. Well, K wasn't a bit ashamed of being that kind! But neither was she going to discuss her finances with Isabel—nor feel cross at her either, when it was Isabel who had helped her to find the one beautiful extravagance. Painstakingly she tried to explain.

"It's just because I've never had any really decent watch and because twenty-five

dollars—and two hundred dollars—looks so very, very big to me, that I want my one extravagance, that has to last me almost forever, to be just exactly as I like it. You see, I'm small and brown and plain, so I like my things to be small and plain too—even if just this once, when I have the money, I spend more of it—what seems to me a lot more."

"Oh, that's all right then," said Isabel, who wasn't at all interested in the psychology of spending. "I must hustle along to Libe before it closes. Got a reserve on Bill James for tonight. Good-by! Don't forget next Sunday—or, no, that's tomorrow, and I have a date then; make it the Sunday after."

THREE days before that fatal "Sunday after" K got an approving letter from her father and a cheque for the whole of Great-Uncle Stephen's donation. "Mother says," he wrote, "that, if you go to Boston with Ursula before you come home for the rest of the vacation, you'll probably need a hat, and she has a 'hunch' you may want a hat *de luxe*, to match up with your watch and your hostess. Anyhow, the extra twenty-five will be a sort of emergency fund for the visit. If you have to use it for odds and ends, I'll try to make it up to you later."

A "hat *de luxe*!" Once more K knew instantly that this was what she wanted to buy with the rest of her heaven-sent money. Hats matter more than dresses; that was another piece of K's junior-year wisdom. Oh, you can get ducky ones for nothing much; she had found a white felt last summer for a dollar and a half, and worn it for everything. But now she could have a HAT—like Ursula's, which always had some fascinating touch to distinguish them from the common or garden variety. Maybe, now that even Hats-with-a-capital were so plain and so, comparatively, cheap, there'd be enough money left for a rather extra-special second hat. It would be wonderful, for once, to choose a hat regardless, instead of trying for one that looked well with all her clothes—and wasn't really right with any.

But first—now, without waiting or thinking it over or wondering if she ought, K marched down to get her watch. It must be adjusted, the jeweler explained; it would be ready for her Saturday morning. K had classes until noon; it was almost night before she got the watch, and of course she didn't wear it on the bacon but the Irresponsible Impossibles were having that night. She christened it at Sunday dinner at Pendleton.

Isabel was christening hers then too, it seemed. "Thought I'd better see if Dad would pay for it, before I actually sported it round," she explained. "He was pretty cross, but he gave in. I say, K, yours is a lot daintier. I wish I had taste—or anyhow the sense to know what I'll keep on liking."

"You just don't use the sense," laughed K, "because it's easier and more fun to go and buy another. What kind did your nice friend choose?"

"Don't know," said Isabel. "Forgot to ask her. But we'll find out soon—she's eating with us this noon. We'd better hop down this minute and say the proprieties to Her Highness."

Her Highness was the stately, gray-haired, satiric head of the French department, who was house teacher at Pendleton and as fastidious about manners as she was about circumflex accents. She was delighted to see K, kissed her on both cheeks and ordered Isabel, "Bring *la petite* to my table!"

"How lovely!" smiled K politely, inwardly disappointed to have the dinner turned into a formal function. "But will you ask the new junior, Lu Thorne, to sit with us, Madame? Isabel has promised that we should meet today."

"*Gran' plaisir!*" cried Madame. "She is the one I call Rosy Thorne, because she is never glum at breakfast. Go get her, Isabel."

"Of course the table-talk had to be largely general, but it wasn't long before Rosy Thorne, who stood not at all in awe of Madame, introduced the subject of watches. "I see you've got yours on," she said to K. "Isn't it lovely?"

Madame asked for a look, and K explained that it was over watches she had first seen Lu.

"And it was I who brought them together," put in Isabel proudly, "by telling them both about the bargain sale. Here's what I got for myself, Madame." She held out her wrist with its glittering bauble.

"Very beau-ti-ful!" admired Madame. "But what spendthrifts you are, all! Isabella, I know, had a fine gold watch, and—"

"Oh, but gold's so old-fashioned, Madame,"

pouted Isabel, "and my watch was so big—a regular turnip."

A queer hurt look swept over Lu's face. K, catching it, remembered that Lu hadn't shown her watch—hadn't been asked to.

"Let's see what you bought, Rosy Thorne," she said, reaching for Lu's left wrist. "I'm sure you've got it on, because you're enough like me not to miss one single chance of wearing it. We two admit we were extravagant, Madame," she explained, "but we knew it—we meant to be, because we had a chance, which we very, very seldom do." Then she turned from facing Madame to look at Lu's wrist. Clapped on it with a neat black ribbon was a round gold watch, exactly the size and shape of the one Isabel had discarded because it was old-fashioned and a regular turnip for size.

"Sorry!" Lu smiled bravely. "I don't know anything about fashions in watches. I thought eighteen-carat gold was the height of elegance, and I wanted a standard make, of course. As to the size—" Lu tactfully edited the jeweler's remarks about "geegaws

all that had happened, she wouldn't flaunt another in Lu's face. So Ursula took her to the Beehive, and there she bought a little black hat for two ninety-six, and a black cockade at another counter for ninety-eight cents more, and the clerk pinned it on for her for nothing. And when it was done, Ursula said it had very nice lines. But it was just a hat, and K knew she was going to be tired to death of it by fall.

When Rosy Thorne got off the train for her visit to the Blakes, she was wearing a little chocolate brown straw that she had bought at some sort of a Beehive store, with a brown band that she had put on herself.

"Wish I'd got brown!" thought K, watching her new friend through the car windows. "Only—it might fade, and anyhow with green—Hello, Rosy Thorne!" she cried, reaching out a hand for Lu's bag.

"Hello!" returned Lu. Then she wrinkled up her face in a funny, jolly way she had when things were just right. "I met Ursula in the North Station. Yes, I had to cross Boston, coming here from that freshman's

where I tutored last week. And Ursula had a hat—oh, such a hat! Made me quite sad over mine. But I needn't have worried, I see. I'm so glad you're the honest-to-goodness just-one-extravagance-and-then-no-more kind, K. Because it makes me glad that I'm that kind too. And besides, that's really the only kind that my clothes can go to visit!"

K was sure then that she had bought the right hat.

She was sure of it all through the spring. Everybody liked the little black hat and told her so. It went with everything and did for everything, and if you had tagged K around that spring, you would have seen that K's hat led a busy life, moving at times in the highest Harding society.

Perhaps the very grandest thing it did was to go to an interview with Harding's President. K was a junior member of the Student Council, and the Council's big spring job was revising the self-government code. K was on the revision committee, and, though she was not chairman, it seemed to be her

fate, as usual, at all the conferences with the faculty committee over the few difficult points where student and faculty opinion differed sharply, to be the one to "do the talking" for the student group. The two committees had met twice in polite amity and adjourned with opinions still unreconciled when, one morning, the President's secretary called up K; could she come for a talk about the new rules at ten o'clock?

"Yes," returned K wonderingly, "but I happen to know that Priscilla Morris, who's our chairman, has a class then."

"Oh, it's only you the President wants," explained the secretary. "He thought he could go over the matter with you, and you could explain his point of view to the others." The secretary chuckled. What he really said was, "I can do business with that young woman!"

So K, in the black Beehive hat, which fitted tight over her bob and drooped a bit above her big brown eyes,—looking very serene and capable and feeling very small and frightened,—appeared at half a minute before ten at the President's office (having waited ten minutes downstairs for fear she should be a second late) and at half a minute after ten was summoned into his inner sanctum.

She slipped in so softly that he didn't hear her. Looking up from a pile of letters, he stared at her absently for a moment, then hurried to shake hands.

"Why, it's my friend Miss Blake, in a new hat," he laughed. "Just when I'd got used to the other hat, you hide under a different one, and almost I don't know you!"

K laughed too, and reached up and took off her hat.

"Now we can talk as man to man," said the President gayly.

Sure enough, in half an hour all the troublesome creases in the rules revision had been ironed out.

"I know I can make the committee see it as we do," said K solemnly. "At least I'll try hard."



"I think my family ought to let me be fashionable as long as I can do it for a song, don't you? Hundred and fifty, marked down from three hundred."

shaped like a dachshund that are long on looks and short on the time-table." "Mine is a business watch," she concluded gayly, "and yours are—jewelry."

Isabel did the best thing she could. "No use crawling out now, Lu," she said, "but I'm certainly sorry I put my foot in it, and I'm sure that ten years from now, as my Dad is forever saying, your watch will tick louder than ours."

Lu laughed and declared Isabel had nothing to be sorry about. But the hurt look that K had surprised at Isabel's first words was still in her eyes.

"She cares!" thought K. "She cares a lot. Izzy has spoiled her one extravagance for her. Every time she sees her watch, she'll think 'turnip.' And I shall never look at mine without being sorry about Lu," reflected K sadly.

K didn't stay long after dinner; she wanted to go home and think how to take that hurt look out of Lu's eyes, and the hurt feeling out of her heart. The watch would always be a turnip, but there was a way to make up for that—a way to make Lu happy about it again, if only one could think what it was.

AT first K thought that perhaps the thing to do was to exchange her watch for one like Lu's. But after some consideration she decided that would be foolish, and unfair to the jeweler besides. Finally, after two days of hard thinking, K had the answer to her problem. She wrote Mother about it, and Mother answered at once: "Yes, of course! We'd love to have her." That very afternoon K asked Rosy Thorne to go hiking, and on the way home she divulged her plan. "I'm going to Ursula Craven's for the first week of vacation, and for the second I want you to come to me."

And because Lu was coming to visit her that second week, K didn't buy the Hat-with-a-capital in Boston at Ursula's pet shop. She had spoken of her watch, she remembered, as her one extravagance. After

"Don't wear another hat when you come to tell me that you've succeeded," warned the President.

"Haven't another," laughed K, smashing her *pièce de résistance* ruthlessly down over her curls.

AND then all in a minute it was summer, which means, at Harding, thin clothes and white shoes, moonlight motor rides with supper up at the Whale Inn, garden parties on faculty lawns, commencement festivities, most of them outdoors. Somehow a black hat—with a cockade—is not just the thing to wear by moonlight. One day K held her hat off at arm's length and surveyed it critically. Then she dived into her top drawer and produced a white camelia *boulonnaise*, Ursula's Christmas gift to her.

"I know it isn't done, but why not?" K asked the hat. In less than five minutes the cockade was resting comfortably in K's top drawer, and the camelia snuggled engagingly on the right side front of the little hat.

"Oh, you K!" Jo Kent hailed her as she started off to have tea with Miss Hurst of the economics department, who had a new house and a riverside garden to show off that spring. "I like that hat. It's sweet, but not gaudy. Wish I always had the right thing for things!"

K shrugged modestly and told no tales. As a matter of fact, she had none to tell. For why is a hat with a camelia on it not an entirely different hat from a hat with a cockade? K, you must remember, was a very modern young lady, and one of her characteristics was adaptability.

K was mastering the art of making the most of what she had, and she was finding that it is much more fun to have a little and make the most of it than to have more than you know what to do with.

An hour later, hurrying home from the tea to get to the library before closing time, she dashed around some shrubbery and almost ran down the President.

"I—beg your pardon!" she gasped.

"Good afternoon, Miss—Blake," he returned smilingly. "But—yes, it is another hat?"

"Oh, no," confided K merrily. "I just changed the trimming. Today I seemed to need a more frivolous-looking hat for a garden party."

"Changed it?" repeated the President. "I've been told that couldn't be done, and I never quite saw why not. Now I see why not less than ever."

"Neither could I see why not, so I did it!" laughed K, and rushed on to the library.

THE story of the President and the "new" hat was too good to keep; K told it at dinner and the Hat That Changed became a feature of spring-term life at Porter Hall. The girls were forever inquiring about it, offering suggestions for more changes to go with filmy clothes and very hot weather. Ursula and Jo and some of K's other intimates went beyond suggestions and made donations. The white camelia gave place to a bunch of pink and blue bachelor's buttons, which Ursula decreed would be "plus chic" with a white sport silk. Then Jo wanted K to try a white band with the silk dress—she had one that wasn't working. And finally Jinny Fay came back from a week-end in New York with a fascinating bunch of green mignonette, just made, she said, to be worn with all K's green dresses.

So the Hat That Changed was in its fifth transformation when K was summoned again, just as she was hurrying to a junior ushers' meeting the week before exams, to the President's office.

"Young lady," he began severely, as K, breathless from hurrying and worried in spite of herself at a summons that so often presaged serious difficulties, faced him whitely across his desk. "I'm afraid I've got you into trouble."

"What?" asked K. "You've got me—oh!" And she settled back comfortably in her big chair to hear about it.

"You know Isabel Hollister?" he began.

K nodded. "Just a little."

"Well, Isabel hasn't—made very good in her work this year. She's in great danger of losing her class standing. Her father came up to talk things over with me. In fact he's still here. He says Isabel has brains enough—simply fails to use them. He thinks the whole trouble lies in her not having a proper sense of values. He says she's extravagant of both time and money and in the end doesn't get what she wants."

"Oh, that's true," put in K swiftly. "I've noticed it often myself. She buys a thing and

wishes she hadn't, and she's never been quite satisfied with her major."

"Think you could give her any tips on spending herself and her resources wisely?" asked the President. "You're to call it tutoring in Logic, History 9, and the English Novel, I believe, but the other matter is to be your real subject."

He walked to the door and ushered in a tall man with a chin as determined as Isabel's and nice gray eyes. With a hand outstretched, the strange gentleman walked straight up to K.

"So you're the girl," he began briskly, "who bought the watch my daughter thought was too expensive, and now are wearing a hat that can change. Will you come to England for a month or six weeks this summer with Mrs. Hollister and Isabel

and me? I have business that will keep me in London mostly, so we shall settle down somewhere in Surrey. As my wife is an invalid, you and Isabel will be a good deal on your own, and we're agreed, she and I, that you'll be a great help in using this vacation to advantage, making it possible for her to see the best of a corner or two of England and still pick up the threads of her neglected college work. Will you come?"

"Oh!" gasped K, overwhelmed by the splendor of the proposal. "You mean—really go to England? But of course I can't afford—"

"You're to go as my guest and Isabel's companion," put in Mr. Hollister. "Expenses, beginning when you leave home, come with the first part of the job, and a salary—President Harter had promised to

suggest a suitable amount—goes with the second. We sail the first of July—plenty of time to consider and consult your parents. Only—" he turned away to the window and stared out at the swaying tracery of elm branches, with the blue of the sky behind them—"when you write, please say that Isabel's one chance of coming back next fall as a senior, which means a great deal to both of us, seems to me and to President Harter to depend wholly on you."

"Louise Thorne has tutored Miss Hollister a little very successfully," put in the President, "but she has an unbreakable engagement for the summer."

"Besides which," added Isabel's father, "both the President and I feel sure that your influence is likely to be far stronger."

K raised the arm that wore the extra-

gant wrist-watch and pulled the Hat That Changed lower over her dazzled eyes. "I think, then, that Mother and Dad will let me go," she said, "and somehow—I don't see how at all yet, but I'll think hard—I must do what you want. Only—why do you both think I can?"

President Harter answered first. "Why, because of the Hat That Changed," he told her, "backed by a little previous information about you."

"Isabel and I got at it through the expensive wrist-watch," added Mr. Hollister.

Of course the watch went to England. So did the Hat That Changed. With its original black cockade in place once more, it was exactly the thing for traveling, K decided. Besides, she owed it too much to leave it behind.

THE journey of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln and their two children, Sarah and Abraham, from Kentucky to Indiana was probably not one of great hardship. We know from the tax lists that Thomas Lincoln had four horses when he lived on Knob Creek. He had one or more cows and some hogs. Probably he took with him not more than two horses, a young cow, two or three pigs and some chickens. The few household goods were already in Indiana, stored in the Posey home.

The rate of travel depended upon the speed of the cows and pigs. Abraham and Sarah rode behind their parents when they forded streams, the cows and pigs being driven across in front of the horses. But most of the way the children probably walked, and the journey tired them just enough to insure sound sleep at night. At night the horses and cows were tethered or hobbled, so that they could graze, but not stray far.

At length, perhaps a week after their leaving Knob Creek, they were ferried across the Ohio River to the mouth of Anderson's Creek, and so came to the Posey home. Here Thomas Lincoln borrowed a wagon, piled in his simple household furniture, and he and his family drove into the heart of the unbroken forest.

A Permanent Home

The winter was not far away, and a home had to be made quickly. That home was the kind called "a half-faced camp." To make such a camp a square space was dug out of the side of a hill with the opening towards the south. Poles then were cut and laid up in a crib to fit against the back, with two sloping sides made in part by the hill. Other poles were cut for the rafters of a shed roof sloping with the hill to the front. There was no door, unless the whole open front were called a door; but this was low and partly protected by skins. There the Lincoln family spent the first winter.

They had what Abraham Lincoln afterwards called "pretty pinching times." It was a severe winter all over the country, and we have records of its heavy storms and of its severe temperature. But beyond his recollection of its having been a "pinching time" no details of what that winter brought to the Lincolns have been recorded. A person accustomed to present-day luxury would have deemed it a pitiful existence, and the Lincolns knew they were having a hard time, but they did not suffer so much as we might imagine. There was plenty of wood for a big fire; there was an abundance of game; and the smoked pork and corn meal which they had brought with them did not give out.

In the spring, as early as the weather permitted, preparations were made for a permanent home and also for the making of a farm.

Abraham Lincoln was now eight years old, and a tall, strong boy for his years. Into his hands now was put what he called "that most useful implement, the axe." He said afterwards that it was rarely out of his hands from that time until he was twenty-three. He was growing, and at the age of eleven he took a sudden and very rapid growth and shot up to six feet in height. By the time he was seventeen he reached his full stature of six feet and nearly four inches. He was a tall and athletic young giant, and his muscles were like rawhide. While he was still a youth it was said of him that he could sink an axe deeper into the wood than any boy of the same age in the neighborhood. The time came when he could take an axe between his thumb and forefinger and, holding it by the end of the helve, lift and hold it straight out on a level with his

shoulder. He was slender but stalwart, and his constant exercise kept him well and strong.

Moving In

The new house which Thomas Lincoln built with the aid of his son Abraham, and some assistance too from Nancy and Sarah, was of hewn logs. It was the half-faced camp which made such a house possible. If the family had been living in the wagon all winter or in a mere brush hut, they would have felt the need of haste, and would have been content with "a round-log house" instead of "a square-log house." But the corn of that first season required very little plowing, and the whole summer was available for the building of the house. Thomas Lincoln must have had help from neighbors at the "raising," for the house was eighteen feet square, and no one man with the help of a little boy and girl and one woman could erect the walls of a house like that. He had to cut down large trees and square them and notch them. Abraham helped. He did such part of the chopping as an eight-year-old boy could do. A deep notch was chopped on one side of the tree and then a notch almost as deep on the other. The deeper notch was cut on the side of the direction in which the tree was intended to fall.

Sixteen feet was as large as most cabins were then erected, and the round-log type was the rule. A cabin eighteen feet square and high enough for a loft

to be reached by a ladder was a rather large and important building.

Into the new house, with a generous fireplace and an earthen floor, the Lincoln family moved sometime during the summer or early autumn of 1817. The half-faced plant did not long stand empty. Thomas and Elizabeth Sparrow, Nancy's foster parents, with their adopted son Dennis Hanks, the child of Mrs. Lincoln's Aunt Nancy, came and lived in the half-faced camp, and after them came another uncle and aunt, this same Aunt Nancy with her husband Levi Hall, and their two sons Squire and William.

Lincoln's Wonderful Stepmother

There now was a considerable colony on Pigeon Creek,

where Thomas Lincoln had built his new home, and life began to be almost as friendly and comfortable as it had been in Kentucky. The period of extreme hardship seemed to be over. But a terrible sickness came in the autumn of 1818. The cows ate wild leeks when other green things were growing scarce, and this food made the milk dangerous. First the cows themselves got sick, and then people who had been drinking the milk. The settlers knew from the beginning how the disease had come. They called it "milk-sick."

It carried off many cows and a number of people. Thomas and Elizabeth Sparrow both died. Elizabeth's maiden name was Hanks, and she was a sister of Nancy's mother and

had brought up Nancy as her own daughter. Levi and Nancy Hall, the other uncle and aunt, also died. Both the Hall boys and Dennis Hanks came over and made their home with the Lincolns, but Abraham Lincoln's mother was taken sick and died on October 5.

Thomas Lincoln had been busy all fall cutting logs into lumber with a whipsaw and making them into coffins. Abraham had to help him. It was a sorry day when Thomas at one end of the saw, and the little boy at the other, whipsawed the planks for a coffin for Nancy Hanks Lincoln.

So she died, that young mother in the backwoods, only thirty-five years of age and leaving her husband, two children of her own and three other children of her sisters who were dependent upon her for a home.

Such a home had great need of a mother. A little more than a year after the death of his first wife, Thomas Lincoln went back to Elizabethtown, where Sarah Bush Johnston lived. She was the widow of Daniel Johnston, who had been jailer of Hardin County. Thomas Lincoln had several times acted as a guard of prisoners and knew Johnston and his wife. He had known Sarah before either of them was married, and they had been good friends. Daniel Johnston had left her with three children, a son John and two daughters, Elizabeth and Matilda. He also left her with a number of unpaid debts. Her home, however, had furniture much better than that of the average pioneer home. She and Thomas Lincoln were married December 2, 1819. It is interesting to know that, while he had been through two hard years as a pioneer, he brought with him to Kentucky quite a little money. The first thing he did was so pay up Sarah's debts contracted by her first husband, so that she could leave Kentucky with no debts behind her. Then he borrowed four horses and a wagon from his brother-in-law, Ralph Crume, and loaded in his new wife's furniture, which filled the wagon. The three children then climbed in, and Sarah Bush Lincoln said good-by to her relatives and friends and went with Thomas Lincoln into the wilderness.

Sarah, or Sally, Lincoln knew the conditions of pioneer homes and probably was not very much disappointed at what she found waiting for her, but her first sight of the Lincoln cabin must have been a depressing one. Little Sarah had done her best at house-keeping, but both she and Abraham had been very much neglected. The children were ragged and unkempt.

Early Schooling

Sally Lincoln was a woman of strong decision. It is a little remarkable that Abraham Lincoln became her favorite. She said in after years that she loved him as she loved her own son. It would not have been becoming in her to say that she loved him better. She was as true to him as his own mother could ever have been, and she declared that he never gave her one cross word.

There is no reason to believe that Thomas Lincoln discouraged Abraham's reading, but he probably did not see any reason to encourage it. She, however, sought to help him in his study. For three short terms Abraham attended school. His first teacher was Andrew Crawford. The second was a man named Sweeney, and the third was Azel Dorsey. The school was a mile and a quarter from the house, and the children walked back and forth each day. Terms at school were short, and teachers none too efficient.

Schoolhouses, of course, were bare buildings and without windows. A section of log may have been cut out on each side to afford light and air, or there may have been only such light as came through the open door

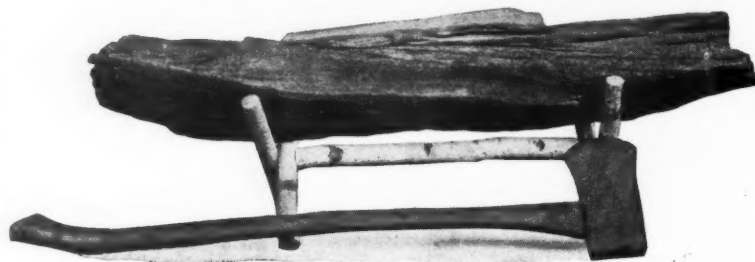
The Great Good Man

By WILLIAM E. BARTON, D.D.

Author of "The Life of Abraham Lincoln"

In Seven Chapters. Chapter II

THE AXE, THE BOOK AND THE PINE KNOT



The axe found in Lincoln's old home, and a section of one of the rails which he split. These priceless relics are now at Foxboro, Mass., in the collection of Doctor Barton, who has amassed one of the finest private collections of Lincoln's books, pictures and other belongings



Sarah Bush Lincoln, who became Abraham Lincoln's stepmother when he was but a very young boy ten years old: she loved him and cared for him as if he were her own son; in his later life Lincoln paid tribute to her as the finest influence of his youth

(Continued on page 854)



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DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

(Continued from page 852)

and through the cracks between the logs. The benches were puncheons, logs split and hewn until they were smooth, and with legs driven through auger holes from below. It was not usually thought necessary to saw off the legs where they projected beyond the surface of the bench. The seats had no backs, and there were no desks. Paper was too great a luxury for children to afford, and slates were not abundant.

The Charcoal Shovel

They composed essays in the Crawford school. Abraham's first essay was on cruelty to animals. He told the boys that it was wicked to put hot coals on the backs of mud-turtles to make them stick out their heads and feet. He began to write on temperance and such other subjects as seemed to him profitable.

Abraham was always an orator. He made speeches in the cornfield, sometimes when his father thought he ought to be working. Not only did Abraham himself stop work, but the other boys stopped to hear him and laugh at his quaint stories and cheer his arguments.

When there was a trial before a justice of the peace, or a more noted one as far away as the county seat, Abraham used to walk over and listen. He thought sometimes he should like to be a lawyer.

For several months in the latter part of 1826 Abraham was employed to operate a ferry across Anderson's Creek, at Posey's landing, where the Lincolns had crossed and been entertained when they first arrived in Indiana. It was hard work, for which he received thirty-seven cents a day. But it



This is the Lincoln and Berry store, at New Salem, Ill., where young Abe made his first venture in business. The store is here shown as restored on the original site. New Salem is the only town that has ever been entirely restored because one man lived there

gave him opportunity to meet men who were passing up and down the river, and about this time he read his first law book, the Revised Statutes of Indiana, which he borrowed from David Turnham. But he did not begin his serious study of the law until later, nor did he know what he was to do in life.

IN his later boyhood Abraham is described by Katie Roby, his schoolmate and friend, as being very tall, wearing buckskin breeches, a linsey shirt and a cap of squirrel or raccoon skin. He wore low shoes without socks, and his breeches did not meet his shoes, but exposed a shinbone, sharp, blue and narrow. He was

not a handsome boy, for he was gaunt and awkward, but he was not a boy to be passed without a second look. He was very strong, was generous and kind and fair, and was popular because his friends knew that he was honest and manly. And he was the best scholar in school.

The Ohio River was not many miles away, and he was employed by a neighbor named James Gentry to take a flatboat down the river to New Orleans. It was a new and wonderful experience for Abraham, and he never forgot it. The Ohio River exercised an important influence on his life. Both when he was making this trip and when he was operating the ferry he was in contact with the tide of life that flowed along the Ohio River.

At night he would read either in his own cabin home or wherever he chanced to be. Pine knots in the fireplace afforded him his light. He worked his problems in arithmetic on a shovel with a piece of charcoal from the fireplace. When the shovel was so blackened that he could not continue to make figures and rub them out and make others that were legible, he would shave off the surface of the shovel and so provide himself with a clean slate.

He hired out now and then to the neighbors when there was heavy work to be done, and he still worked at home. Other boys liked him, and the girls liked him too.

So passed the years until his twenty-first birthday. Just across the threshold of his manhood another change awaited him, and an important step forward into new experiences.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

NOW was a sad time for us people of Poquoge. Thirty-five of our men and seven of our women had been killed; there was mourning in nearly every home in the pueblo. As soon as we could leave Nacitima, Kelemana, Choromana and I went out to take the body of my poor brother to the burial place that we had decided upon, the entrance to the lower canyon of the river, and old Poanyu went with us, comforting me as best she could.

Night fell. We had no desire for food. Nacitima lay upon his couch, suffering great pain, and Kelemana and I sat before the empty fireplace, grieving for our dead. Then came Choromana with burning splinters of pine and built a fire for us, gave me a kiss and, sitting down by Kelemana, took her in her arms and held her as she would a little child. And presently we heard an old man down in the plaza saying over and over, "All you who mourn, take some comfort in this: you have not forever lost your loved ones; there comes a time when you shall join them in the pleasant, the beautiful Underworld."

"But, my son, my good, my beautiful son! Oh, all too soon," Kelemana wailed.

And then we heard our old cacique crying: "Hear! Hear! You Summer People members of the Patuabu! We shall not meet tomorrow evening. We are to meet six days from now. At sunset of that day we will meet, not here, but in the kiva of the Winter People."

In the excitement of the day I had forgotten all about the meeting that was to decide the fate of my brother and myself. And now he was never to be judged. "So! Instead of one I have anyhow six more days to live!" I said.

The sixth day came. Kelemana and I remained at home with Nacitima, who was still weak from his wound—and so heavy were our thoughts that during all the long day we barely spoke to one another. When the sun was low in the west Choromana came in to us. She looked at me sadly and sat down without one word of greeting to any of us. Time passed; none spoke.

At last we heard the skuff, skuff of feet that we were listening for, and there entered a young man who told me that I was to go to the north kiva. He accompanied me to the steps of it, where a great crowd had assembled. I did not look at them as I passed. I mounted the steps, crossed the roof, de-

A Son of the Navahos

By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

Illustrated by RODNEY THOMSON

Chapter VIII. THE PATUABU AWARDS JUDGMENT

scended the ladder, saw the members of the Patuabu sitting upon the bench that circled the wall, all of them but Poanyu, who was sitting near the board-covered Sipapu, her huge Sacred One coiled in front of her and nodding its head at the sacred fire in the hearth. I felt cold, numb. As in a dream I heard my name. The summer cacique was calling to me.

Raising his hand to attract my attention, the old cacique said to me, "Wampin! From the day when you, a captive, entered Poquoge we of the Patuabu have had our eyes upon you. Certain ones in the pueblo have been your enemies. We have been pleased at the way you treated them, always fairly. We

felt proud that you were one of us when you killed the big long-claws; proud of you, grateful to you, when you killed the two Utes. Well we know that when, the other day, our brave war chief fell it was you who saved Poquoge by killing the leader of the enemy, a man of your own blood people. Wampin, we met here tonight to do two things: consider the charges that had been made against you and appoint a new war chief. We at once, all of us, agreed that you were not and had never been other than a brave defender of Poquoge. And then Poanyu, sitting there with her Sacred One, declared that you were more than that. She said that, young though you are, you have

proved to be the greatest warrior who has lived in this pueblo in her long lifetime, and that you should now be our war chief. At that I asked the others here what they thought about it, and one after another all round the circle of us, without one exception, they spoke in your favor. Wampin, I need not ask if you will always defend Poquoge against all enemies of the Teras, for we know that you will. Wampin, war chief of Poquoge, member of the Patuabu, sit you there in that vacant place in our circle, where but a short time ago sat he who is now in the pleasant Underworld, Ogowasa."

Was I surprised when I heard that? My friend, I could hardly believe my ears. I looked round the circle of those men and saw that even the Winter People members of it, those whom I had thought hated me, were looking at me with approving smiles. I could not keep back the tears that came to my eyes. As one half-blind I wobbled to the vacant seat and sank down upon it. The chief shaman began praying to the Holders of the Paths of Our Lives, asking them to make pleasant and long my path and the paths of all the Teras, and when he had finished Poanyu whispered something to her Sacred One, and then began a sacred song in which the others joined. It was the song that times before, as now, made me tremble, filled me with desire to do great things. It gave me strength to stand up and say as soon as it was ended, "I am very grateful to you all for making me the war chief of Poquoge and a member of the Patuabu. And now that I am your war chief, there is something that I want to do at once. Too long the Navahos have had their way with the people of the Tewa pueblos. I want now to lead a large war party against them!"

Silence followed that. I sat down, surprised that I had had the courage at once to tell that council of the Patuabu my great desire. Said the old winter cacique at last, "We Teras have never gone out to war in enemy country."

"And because of that they do not fear you," I replied. "True, the Navahos are many, but they are scattered out in small bands. We can fight them one by one."

"I say yes to that! The blood of our dear ones they have killed is crying for revenge!" Poanyu exclaimed.

Then others spoke in favor of (Continued on page 857)



The morning of the third day we looked out upon the butte-studded desert country of the Navahos

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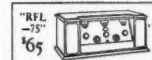
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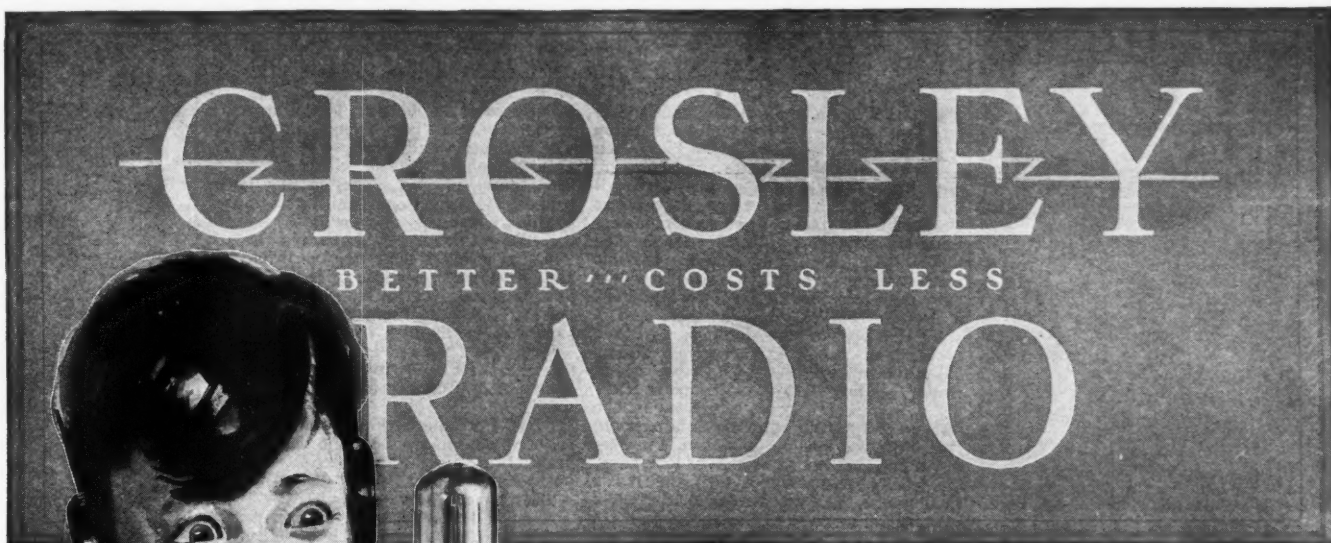
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In The Companion's Youth

By F ALEXANDER MAGOUN

THERE is a house at the other end of my street—a very particular house with long windows and a high pitch roof and funny little gables jutting out. Beside it grows a garden with tall hollyhocks that stand in splendor against the back fence, rows of flowers where insects hum drowsily, and a bench close by the honeysuckle vine. Birds love to visit this garden, and so do I, for it is owned by a dear lady with wrinkles and snow-white hair, a gracious old-fashioned manner, and a voice that speaks with the lingering music of old and happy far-off things. She is Miss Ellen Picknell, for many years a final reader on The Youth's Companion staff.

"No," she said to me as we sat at the farther end of the garden this afternoon, "no, I'm sure you are mistaken. I'm sure you'll find that nobody wants to look back. Everybody wants to look forward. Hasn't that always been true? Even in the Bible it says, 'A king arose who knew not Joseph.' What makes you so sure that people are still interested in Daniel Ford?"

I tapped my fingers on the end of the garden bench and looked meditatively at the row of larksper beyond the pear tree.

"Well, for one thing," I began, "he was among the five great editors of his generation." There was conviction in my voice, for I was consciously quoting the opinion of Mr. Dana of the New York Sun.

"Oh, but he was much more than just a great editor," she answered softly. "He was a great man. Really, it's not at all safe to get me talking about uncle. He was always my hero."

"But I do want you to tell me about him," I pleaded. "Didn't you say once that his father died when he was just a lad?"

"That was one of the reasons why he had to work so hard. He started out as general utility boy in a printing office, but it wasn't long before he was working with the bookkeeper because he was such a legible penman. In those days he used to walk from Boston to Salem on Saturday in order to see his family, and then start walking back early enough on Monday morning to be at the office by seven o'clock."

I remembered having walked eight miles to work once myself and tried to imagine what it would be to walk seventeen over what must have been then only dusty country roads.

When Mr. Willis Retired

"Later he went to work for the Watchman. Quite a prominent publication it was then. It seems to me that he bought an interest in it, too. This is where what you were asking me about begins, for one day Deacon Willis came in. He had started The Youth's Companion some years before, but was getting along in years and wanted some younger man to assume the burden of his little paper."

"Uncle Daniel and the Deacon talked the matter over and over, and finally uncle agreed to buy the paper outright, although his real interest lay in the Watchman. He looked at The Companion as only a plaything at first, but the circulation started to grow so rapidly that he began to be quite enthusiastic about it. A couple of extra desks put in one corner of the office took care of The Companion staff for a while. Confusion? Oh, no. Of course he recognized the difficulty of keeping the mail for Daniel Ford of the Watchman separate from the mail for Daniel Ford of The Youth's Companion, so he just invented a new name—Perry Mason & Co.! Don't you like it? Of course there never was any Perry Mason!"

She laughed reminiscently. "Uncle had all sorts of fun over that! I remember one day when a very pompous woman rushed up to him just as we were coming out of the office together. 'Are you Mr. Perry Mason?' she asked. Uncle answered in his very quiet way, 'My name is Ford, madam.'"

"He accomplished a great deal because he was adapted to his work, and because he gave all his enthusiasm to it. There are two things necessary for success—ability and friends. He was born with editorial talent, and he couldn't help making friends because he was always doing things for other people, even when it was against his own best interest."

"I'll tell you a typical example of his ability to see the other man's point of view."

Shortly after he bought The Companion the Deacon came back to see him one day. The circulation had grown so fast that the Deacon thought the sale price had perhaps been too small, and suggested that he be paid a certain additional sum. Uncle wanted to think it over. So in a few days they got together again, and he told the old Deacon, 'No, I'm afraid I can't pay you what you ask. We agreed on a sale price, and it will have to stand. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll pay you a thousand dollars a year as long as you live!'

"You see I worked in the office reading manuscript for nearly twenty years, so I had plenty of opportunity to see how kind he was."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, thinking of the printed rejection slips in my collection signed Perry Mason Co. "You read manuscript? Weren't you bored to death?"

She laughed in a girlish way. "And did you celebrate by declaring a half-holiday or something like that when you discovered a new author?" I asked. "For instance, like getting the first story Jack London ever wrote?"

Her white hair blew into ringlets over her ears as she shook her head slowly and placed a dear, blue-veined hand on my arm.

Mr. Ford's Good Works

"Success doesn't come all at once like that, my boy. We did have manuscripts from Jack London and Mary Roberts Rinehart and Grace S. Richmond and many other authors who are famous now, but their first stories were usually only first attempts. Writing is just like any other profession. You wouldn't expect a surgeon to perform a very delicate operation when he is just starting out. He needs long years of hard work before he can command the attention of the world. Even then he cannot arrive at the top without unusual talent. It's the same way with writing. Talent and hard work—you must have both!"



Daniel Sharp Ford

She leaned back in her chair again and glanced at the cloud which had come up over the north gable. A few big drops of rain fell noisily on the foliage above us and raised little mounds on the surface of the water in the bird bath. Somewhere beyond the climbing rose a robin chirped shrilly and flew off toward the apple trees.

"Let's go into the house," she suggested. We walked hurriedly across the soft grass, past the Japanese iris, sharp and graceless now that the blossoms are gone, and into the house by a side door.

For a moment the great room was still save for the dignified ticking of the clock on the gumwood mantel and the quiet patter of the rain on the trees outside. "He was a remarkable man. He gave the money for the Ford Hall Forum in Boston because he believed that all sides of a question should be heard. For the last five years of his life I answered all his letters for him. He would read them over before they were mailed, to see if he approved of what I had said. We had worked together so long that by that time I knew his mind pretty well. There were so many appeals for money! Once I promised that he would give a thousand dollars to a little mission in South Africa, and he looked up from reading the letter to ask me why I had done that when there was so much need close at hand. Then he said, 'Yes, I guess we'll do it. It will make Africa seem nearer, and it's fun to reach out and try to make the world a happier place to live in.'"

"That was his life. That's what he tried to do with The Companion—to reach out to all the girls and boys in America and make life happier for them."

Beyond the window pane the rain was falling heavily, but I did not realize it then, for I held in my hand the photograph of a man who was something more than just a great editor; a man of the broadest human sympathies and the deepest instinctive benevolence.



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The Greatest Benefactor

MANY of the most helpful friends of The Companion have lived at great distance, especially in California and the Southern States. Among all these friends perhaps the finest expression of appreciation of The Companion has come from Mr. P. M. Ikeler, of Moselle, Mississippi.

Each year for several years he has sent between 300 and 400 yearly subscriptions to The Companion to be given to a list of those who live in Moselle and other near-by towns. An interesting feature of this work is that it is not one year, but every year for a number of years, that a list has been sent and paid for by Mr. Ikeler as his contribution for the betterment of these people, for he says:



P. M. Ikeler

I do not believe that sending The Companion to a family for six months or a year would have any great influence, but if the paper is kept going in the homes when children are growing up and their habits and characters are being formed it will have a wonderful effect in forming their ideals in life.

In a recent letter he says:

I want to say that I have been very much encouraged with this little work that I am doing. In the first place, may I say that a great many of the families in this locality did not take any kind of a paper that was good for the family. After sending The Companion for a few months to a family, I make inquiries and find that both parents and their children are very much interested in reading it. The mail carriers tell me that the children are waiting for the paper when it comes, usually on Thursday.

Knowing what a good influence The Youth's Companion carried with it, I could not see any better way to serve them than to get this paper into the homes where the children would be

under its influence. While influence of this kind is not seen in the present generation, I cannot but feel that its influence should be a very great improvement in the next generation. A short time ago a man came to me and told me that he could not get his son to read anything at all until The Youth's Companion began coming to him. This son is now planning to work himself through school. Whether or not The Youth's Companion had all to do with this I cannot say, but I venture to assure you that it had its good influence.

It is my intention to keep this work up for a good many years, whether I personally see the good of it or not, for I cannot see how I could invest the same amount of money in any other way that would do the same amount of good that this will do.

If the highest success in life comes from the help one gives to others, Mr. Ikeler's achievement through the encouragement of reading a worth-while periodical is an outstanding example of service in the development of character, and is of great interest to a host of friends of The Youth's Companion.

From twenty to twenty-five thousand other friends of The Youth's Companion are doing every year a similar service by sending one or more subscriptions to promising boys and girls. There are hundreds of thousands of boys and girls to whom The Companion would be a boon and an inspiration and quite possibly the means of turning the reader into higher and better paths for all his life. Are there not others who read this page who would like to join Mr. Ikeler in this plan for bettering the life of their community by sending yearly a few subscriptions to The Youth's Companion to boys and girls of their acquaintance?

In looking back over the last hundred years, the outstanding satisfaction is the assurance such as that from Mr. Ikeler that The Companion has helped in the building of character in so many thousand homes. It is our hope and ambition that in the second hundred years of its life The Companion can not only continue but enlarge on this service to its readers.

THE EDITORS.

A Son of the Navahos (Continued from page 854)

my proposal. I was questioned as to the size of the different Navaho bands and their probable location. Finally after much talk it was agreed that the chief shaman should fast and pray about it and on the evening of the fourth day let us know if the gods were in favor of our going to fight the enemy. So ended the council.

Six days later we assembled a party of three hundred and twelve men from all the Tewa pueblos. We were three nights crossing the mountains. When the morning of the third day came we looked out upon country that I only of our party of more than three hundred had ever seen—the butte-studded, desert country of the Navahos.

Said Nacitima: "My son, if peace between us and the Navahos can come of this, our loved one will not have died for nothing!" "Let me anyhow go to the camp below and try to make peace," I said. "If I fail to return, you can then easily wipe out the camp. There cannot possibly be a hundred men in it."

They agreed that I should make the attempt. We told our party about it, and they were pleased.

It was some time after dark when I neared that camp of twenty hogans and began shouting that I was a Navaho returning to my people after an absence of many winters. The people rushed out to see who I could be, and in the lead of them was my own uncle, White Hawk. I made myself known, and he embraced me and hurried me to his hogan. The other principal men of the camp followed us in, and we began a talk that lasted far into the night. "Why should we make peace with the Tewas, people who, like ants, remain always close to their nests, people whom we have always had great fun in killing and taking their horses?" they said.

That made me angry, and angrily I replied: "If you do not make peace with them, you will be sorry! From now on they intend to come out here in parties of three or four hundred and fight you, band after band. You can never destroy them in their strong pueblos. And this night all of you here would have been killed, had not my mother appeared to me as I slept and turned me from thirst for revenge to great desire for peace."

At that the women in the hogan and the many of them listening outside cried out

with fear. I saw that the men who had objected to any talk of peace were also frightened. Not so my uncle. Patting my shoulder, he said to me: "Nephew, I am proud of you. Peace there shall be between us and your Tewas. I have enough influence with the other chiefs of our people to assure you of that. And now take me to the camp of your warriors. I want to talk with them."

We were soon there, and round a little fire, I interpreting, he talked with our old shaman until morning, Nacitima and Kutowa listening and approving, and the result of it was that fifteen days from that time my uncle promised to arrive in Poquoge with all the other chiefs of the Navahos and make a treaty of peace with the Tewas.

The sun was setting, four days later, when we arrived at Poquoge. The people rushed out to greet us, were surprised when they saw that we brought no scalps of the enemy, but more than happy when they learned that their greatest enemies were soon to make a lasting peace with them.

Hand in hand Choromana and I walked into the south plaza, and she pointed to her home and mine that she and her mother and her aunts had made while I was away. It was completely finished, and was furnished, too, with all that we should need. We mounted the ladder, crossed the roof of her mother's house, and at the doorway of our house she said to me, "It is no longer 'my-man-to-be.' Enter, my man!"

So long ago it was, that happy day of our youth! Ha! Though we are old, very old, we are happy yet!

Upon the day appointed the Navahos came, not only my uncle and the other chiefs, but great numbers of them with their women and children and with horses and blankets as presents to us; and there in our south kiva was made a treaty of peace between us and them that to this day has never once been broken.

My friend, in time our old summer cacique went to the pleasant Underworld, and following his death Patuabu named me to take his place. There! Do you hear her? Choromana is calling us to come and eat. I am sure that we are to have, as the Spaniards name them, enchiladas and tortillas.

THE END.



Why teams crack!

PERHAPS you've seen it yourself. Two teams out there on the field, apparently evenly matched. For a while they see-saw back and forth. And then one team cuts loose. Their line rips open gaping holes. Their backs slash off tackle! Race the ends! Smash through center! And all this with a fiery dash—an irresistible nerve—that sweeps through and over the doggedly fighting defense.

... and then something happens!

Like a punctured balloon, the attack collapses. The team crumples. It becomes just eleven spent and weary warriors—losing warriors! Gone is the dash—exhausted the energy. The Captain dejectedly raises his hand. . . . Time out!

So teams crack! Or rather, eleven men crack, for the team is only as strong as the strength of its individual members. It's an old, old story. Lack of condition—insufficient training—no physical reserve to successfully resume the gruelling struggle.

Physical preparedness! It means so much to the team. It means so much to you as a member of the team—to you in just ordinary, every day life. Physical preparedness! So easy to attain. So easy to keep. For it's just a matter of a few simple rules to follow. Plenty of fresh air and exercise. Sufficient sleep. Proper food. And, perhaps most important—no artificial stimulants!

"No artificial stimulants" means no coffee or tea. Mark this well! . . . The average cup of coffee contains from 1½ to 3 grains of a harmful drug stim-

ulant called *cafein*! Caffein irritates the nervous system. It interferes with digestion and often is the cause of sleeplessness and headaches. And, most insidious, it gradually saps away your physical reserve, by deadening the warning signals of fatigue.

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Published Weekly by

PERRY MASON COMPANY

Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Publication Office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H.

FACT AND COMMENT

FOLLY thrusts itself into the foreground in order to be seen. Intelligence takes its place modestly in the background, in order to see.

THE DISPUTE over the control of Tangier in Morocco finds Spain and Italy on one side and France and England on the other. Mussolini picturesquely calls it another revolt of the proletariat against the middle-classes—Spain and Italy are the proletarians among the nations, France and England the prosperous and wealthy *bourgeoisie*.

AFFECTED AMERICAN WRITERS are fond of allowing benignant uncles to buy "barley sugar" for their little nephews—a kind of innocuous and tasteless candy familiar enough in England but virtually unknown in this country, where the "all-day sucker" is the typical democratic confection. Now the English are substituting American candy for their traditional sweets. Last year they bought more than five million pounds of us, but most of it was hard candy, and very little was chocolates. Cuba was our next best customer, but there the taste, as in the United States, is for the fancy and more expensive kinds. Canada, like England, prefers the flavored hard candies.

IF THERE IS any American counterpart of the Via Triumphalis of ancient Rome, or the Champs Elysées of Paris, leading up to the great Arch of Triumph, it is that mile of Broadway in New York which, hemmed in by monstrous buildings, stretches between the Battery and the City Hall. Up that impressive sunken way, ride kings and queens, successful politicians, great soldiers, daring aviators, channel swimmers, and champions of the golf course and the prize ring, all acclaimed by hundreds of thousands of hero-worshipping Americans. Will the time ever come when great artists, giants of intellect and moral champions will receive similar spontaneous evidences of popular esteem?

WE AND OUR SLAVES

WHEN the kindly train-men let young "Al" Edison, the boyish graduate of The Youth's Companion school of reading, who sold newspapers, candy and cigars up and down the aisles of the coaches, fit up a little corner in the baggage car as a laboratory in which to "play with chemicals" (as our cover picture shows), they did not realize the importance of what was passing beneath their eyes. To them the boy was just a "bright kid"; and, though they had never before seen a "train butcher" who preferred working at the kind of thing one studies at school to loafing about the station platform and swapping stories with the brakemen and baggage-men, they did not take the youngster with much seriousness.

But they were witnessing the beginning of a great career. Before many years Thomas Alva Edison had become a leader in that technical and mechanical revolution which has made this twentieth century so different a period in the course of civilization from every period that went before it. If you were to choose one name to stand for the multitudinous changes, advances, and transformations, which have altered the face of our daily life so much in the last fifty years what name would so readily occur to you as Edison's?

It has been said that the various applica-

tions of electric power—most of them flowing out of Edison's laboratory—have put at the disposal of almost every household the equivalent of the labor of fifteen slaves. None but the very wealthiest citizens of Greece or Rome had so many to wait on them. We are become a nation of slave-owners, with this extraordinary difference between ourselves and the slave-owners of the past: our slaves cannot suffer from abuse or win emancipation. They will work for us contentedly, obediently, tirelessly, as long as we pay the moderate cost of their maintenance.

But slaveholders have responsibilities as well as privileges, even when their bond servants are the inanimate forces of nature. We must not use the powers that Edison and his colleagues have given us wastefully or for improper purposes. We must not let them make us idle or heedless, or encourage us to use the leisure they offer us frivolously. Those are great gifts the inventors and technicians have put into our hands. They mean them to do us nothing but good; to release us from drudgery and make life a less toilsome and back-breaking thing than it has been in the past. As life becomes more easy, we must not let it become less worthy.

"WHAT IS THERE IN IT?"

THERE are thousands of boys and girls in school today who envy those whom they regard as more fortunate in having left school and gone to work. The dollars that the workers earn are tangible, and buy material possessions. The added knowledge that comes through the extra years in school is intangible, and at present buys nothing. Consequently the restless pupils are continually asking, "What is there in it for me?"

The Massachusetts Child Labor Commission has undertaken to answer them. "There is just nine dollars a day in it for you," is its reply, definite, concrete and expressed in terms of cash. The commission goes even farther. Not only does it say that every additional day's attendance at school adds nine dollars to the sum that the pupil is likely to earn during his working life: it says that a high-school education adds \$33,000 to the whole amount that he will earn after leaving school.

The figures are based on an investigation made by Dean Lord of the Boston University Business College. Life-insurance tables show very accurately how long a boy or a girl of a given age is likely to live; and when combined with individual studies of the earning and educational history of great numbers of workers they indicate pretty definitely what the average boy's or girl's earnings are likely to be for the whole of his or her life. They show that the average untrained man attains a maximum of \$1200 a year by the time he is thirty, whereas the average high-school graduate reaches a maximum of \$2000 at forty. Moreover, the earnings of the untrained man decrease as his physical capacity wanes; the trained man, on the other hand, usually earns more as he grows older.

But education offers other advantages besides getting a worker a better-paying job. It usually gets him a more interesting job, and therefore offers him a pleasanter and more contented life. That does not necessarily mean that it will divert him from the trades that now offer such attractive opportunities and such high wages, and make him "a white-collar man," for most of the skilled trades that now accept apprentices require that the applicants be at least sixteen years old, though the Massachusetts school laws allow them to go to work at fourteen if he has completed the sixth-grade studies and has a written promise of full-time employment.

Both the young people and many of their parents need to be reminded that the object of school life is not so much to give a pupil the actual knowledge that he will need and use in earning his living as to strengthen and train his mind; to provide him with sharp and well-tempered tools. The farmer who sends one of his boys to the wood lot at six o'clock with a dull axe, and another at seven with a sharp one, will find at the end of the day that the second boy has not only worked more comfortably and contentedly but has the bigger pile of wood.

The hour at the grindstone pays.

THE BATTLE OF THE BUGS

CARDINAL RICHELIEU has long enjoyed the reputation of being the subtlest and most successful of statesmen. His policy, through which France be-

came in the seventeenth century, the greatest and most powerful of European countries, consisted largely in encouraging other nations, potential enemies of France, to fight each other, while his own country thrived in peace or profited by alliances with one or another of the contending parties. Our entomologists, it seems, are taking a leaf from the Cardinal's book, and are beginning accordingly to win significant advantages over our prolific insect enemies.

It has often been pointed out that, although we find it possible to exterminate our more ferocious and terrifying foes,—bears, wolves, serpents, lions and tigers,—we seem doomed to wage an eternal warfare with the innumerable hosts of bugs, beetles, caterpillars, weevils, and scale insects, to say nothing of the microscopic quintillions of harmful bacteria. Only constant watchfulness and continuous activity on our part keeps their numbers down to manageable proportions. A little indolence and indifference would be enough to give these tiny creatures, formidable by reason of their extraordinary fecundity, such an advantage that we should soon find them eating us, if not out of house and home, at least out of farm and garden. Sensational writers on the subject are fond of picturing a world devoured by hungry hordes of insects, and a human race starved into extinction by the ravages of an enemy too small to be fought, and too numerous to be resisted.

But man does not rely wholly on the weapons he has contrived—gases, poisons and sprays. He employs lilliputian mercenaries to fight his battles for him. He sets insect against insect, bug against beetle, beetle against caterpillar, fly against weevil. Fortunately, allies are ready to his hand, for the insect world has not learned to cooperate against him; these tiny creatures love to prey on one another. If there are no native species that can be bred up in entomological laboratories to turn loose on certain destructive pests, something useful can generally be imported. The gypsy and brown-tail moths that once threatened to strip New England of verdure is in the way to extinction from a parasite from Japan. A voracious weevil that was endangering the Hawaiian sugar canes has been mastered by a hostile fly from British New Guinea. An insect has been found in Switzerland that wages war on one of the worst ravagers of the alfalfa plant. From South Africa comes a parasite that seems likely to put an end to the black scale of the citrus groves of California. Perhaps we shall soon find friendly insects that will help us to put the cotton-boll weevil and the corn borer out of business.

All the creatures we have named and many others, native and alien, are being propagated in biological laboratories and distributed to points on the agricultural battle front where they are most needed. With the aid of his insect allies man may hope to save himself from his insect enemies.

THIS BULLETS WORLD

A WEEKLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS

THE ENDLESS BRITISH COAL STRIKE

AFTER five months of deadlock, between the British miners and mine-owners, the government made another effort to conciliate the miners, who are holding out for a national wage agreement instead of the district agreements the mine owners want. But the best terms the government could offer, which were for district agreements with a promise of official influence toward a later settlement on a national basis, did not suit the miners, who rejected the proposal almost unanimously. Their convention also threatened to call out the safety men, who have been keeping the mine workings free from water. If that threat is carried out, the strike will become more serious than ever, since a number of the best coal mines would be permanently ruined by flooding.

LOTS OF COTTON

IF the estimates of the Department of Agriculture are confirmed, there will be a crop of more than 16,000,000 bales this year. That is considerably more than anyone had expected, and prices in the cotton market fell sharply when the estimate was announced. The ravages of the boll weevil must have been pretty successfully dealt

with to produce so large a crop—as large as any ever harvested and six million bales larger than the crop of 1923.

GENERAL VON SEECKT RESIGNS

THE commander of the German Reichswehr, General von Seeckt, who has succeeded in organizing a very serviceable body of militia, in spite of the obstacles which the treaty of Versailles puts in the way of military activity in Germany, has had to resign his post. He made the mistake of letting Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, the son of the former German Crown Prince, take part in the last maneuvers of the Reichswehr, and the German government, which is committed to keeping the Hohenzollern princes from any connection whatever with the affairs of the nation, insisted on Seeckt's retirement.

DISPUTING OVER A SKULL

SCIENTIFIC men are much interested in the report that a complete skull of the creature that they have agreed to call the *Pithecanthropus erectus*, has been found in Java. There is a difference of opinion, however, about what sort of being this *Pithecanthropus* was. Some learned men believe it was a very early human creature, while others assert that it was rather a highly developed kind of ape. The only previous evidence of the existence of this ancient animal that "walked like a man" was a piece of its brain pan, also found in Java, in 1892, not far from the spot where the complete skull was recently dug up.

A REAL RUSSIAN "OPPOSITION"

IT is reported from Moscow that those leaders who object to the way the Communist directory is running things have notified Stalin, its leader, that they are going to make an open fight against the policies of the soviet government in the convention of the Communist party. That convention will be in session when this issue of The Companion reaches its readers. Trotzky, Kamenev, Zinoviev and Radek, all famous Communists, are among the protestants. They think they see in Stalin's conduct of affairs a steady drift away from international communism toward a distinctly national policy in which Russia at last minds its own business and ceases to agitate for a world revolution. They also rebel against the iron hand with which the men in power forbid or punish any opposition within the party to their will. It will be interesting to see whether they succeed in establishing a real political "opposition" in Soviet Russia.

MISCELLANY

LIFE'S LESSER BLESSINGS

THE uses of the sun and moon are obvious, and were to primitive man. But the stars are not so easily explained. We have been learning, very slowly, some facts that we cannot easily remember and dimensions that bewilder us, about the distances and dimensions of the stars. They serve other uses than that of affording twinkling lights for the earth. But what those uses are we do not know. It would appear to be a safe conjecture that this is not the only planet on which intelligence exists. Very likely there are other worlds where life exists, and life that is conscious and purposeful—but we do not know. The wisest astronomer may just as well continue saying as he learned to say in infancy:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are."

The astronomer knows what chemical elements are aflame in the stars. He knows which stars are fixed and which are variable. He knows which belong to our solar system and which are probably the solar centers of other systems. He knows a great deal, and his knowledge has been secured at great cost and is precious. But he does not know how many other invisible worlds like ours have living beings who look out at night and wonder about the starry heavens.

So far as we are concerned, therefore, the practical uses of the stars are relatively small. Compared with our sun, all the visible fixed stars are vast; and as for the moon, it is but a grain of sand beside them. But the moon means more to us than several entire constellations from which perhaps our sun is not even visible. They are among our minor blessings.

What are the major blessings of life? Health, vigor, faith, love—let us make as

long a list as we like and then add the blessings of which we do not at first think: friends, books, flowers, music and the simpler but delightful pleasures that come with every day. It is clear that any list we make of our minor blessings will include some that many people will enumerate among their larger satisfactions. It is equally clear that no line of distinction, much less of contrast, can be drawn. The very stars are suns.

By the stars we navigate our ships and compute our accurate measurements of time. By the stars we exalt the imagination and project the puny measurements of earth to celestial proportions. They do not afford sufficient light to grow potatoes, and to some men they afford hardly material for a guess or a wonder. But they are not negligible. Life's minor blessings are essential.

And some of them are most durable. When nearer things show their aberrations, and the swift changes of earth bewilder us, the stars at least are changeless.

THE QUARREL IN THE GARDEN

*The petulant petunia grew purple in her rage;
"I might as well be sepi—I might as well be beige—
As a ruffle-edged petunia—near that shrieking
scarlet sage!"*

*"It's plain that silly gardener forgot that I was
red,
When he planted those petunias along beside
my bed.
I might as well be forage grass!" the angry
salvia said.*

*"My neighbors greatly try me," fumed stately
hollyhock,
"Those impertinent petunias and that salvia
by the walk.
They quite spoil my pinks and yellows—I
might as well be dock!"*

*But Jack Frost, one chilly evening, came flying
by that way,
And when the garden awakened to another au-
tumn day
The quarrel was quite over—for every flower
was gray!*

—MARY WEST

HEALTHY FINGER NAILS

THE finger nail, as we all know, is a small horny plate which develops from the matrix or formative portion at its base, resting upon what is called the nail-bed. Any of us who have had an accident which disturbs this relation of the nail and the nail-bed, know how close it is, and what agony to its possessor attends interference with it. The nail indeed is a very spirited little feature of the physical organism, both in offense and defense. It not only resents too much interference with itself, but it also resents any letting down of the general health of its owner. In this respect it resembles all the outlying parts of the body, for hair and teeth, as well as nails, very quickly show their preference for a healthy owner. Their well-being, their strength, their beauty and their power of normal growth depend upon the general health, and we might as well demand gorgeous blooms from a sickly plant as perfect nails from a sick system.

Sometimes a passing illness, such as an attack of grip, will leave its signature in the shape of a transverse furrow, while in prolonged ill health the nail may shrink or may become fissured down its length. There is precisely the same reason for this as for the falling out of the hair under the same conditions; the body is having so much to do just to stay alive that it cannot spare any nutrition for parts that are not vital to it. By-and-by, if natural vigor returns, then nature will remember to do something to make up for this neglect, and the hair and nails will grow out again, and may be as good as ever, especially if their owner will do his part to assist nature's efforts.

The nails always show old age, that time when all the nutritive processes have slowed down. They have their own especial sicknesses and can be infected with disease germs just like any other part of the body. The whitlow, that exquisitely painful affection, is the result of an invasion by pusgerms. This possibility of germ infection is the great reason for constant care of the nails. It is a bad habit to trim and clip too closely round

them or to allow the skin to be broken. Many amateur manicurists, in their determination to improve upon their birthright in this respect, are far too savage in their onslaughts with little instruments. Perfect cleanliness and sightliness can be attained without surgical operations.

THE GRAVE OF DANIEL BOONE

"I HAVE no spot that I can call my own whereon to lay my bones." This is one sentence from a simple and affecting memorial addressed to the people and legislature of Kentucky by the famous pioneer, Daniel Boone. At the age of sixty he had joined the second tide of immigration that was pouring into another newly opened country, hoping at last to satisfy that land hunger which had led the men of his time ever westward, and he had met fresh disappoint-



ment. Losing through defective titles the many acres of land he had located there, he appealed to Kentucky, in whose forests he had wintered, when hundreds of miles from civilization, with no companions but his gun and his dog; to whose hunting grounds he had guided many parties of hunters, surveyors and settlers; into whose wilds he had cut the first "wilderness road"; within whose borders he had built the first fort of the more than a hundred "stations" that sheltered the early inhabitants from the Indians; and where he had twice "located" many acres which he had lost through poor trades or unsettled titles.

Judge how touching was such a reminder from a man who in the prime of his life had helped to carve more than a million acres from the wilderness and to make secure its virgin soil for settlement, addressing, too, the generation that occupied that land as a sovereign state in peace and plenty. Kentucky heeded his cry for aid and forwarded it to Congress, which readily granted him more acres. It is pitiful to relate that the guileless old man lost this also in lawsuits and at the age of eighty-five was buried at last in the alien soil of another state.

He was not, however, forgotten by Kentuckians. In 1845 the legislature brought the remains of Daniel Boone and his wife, Rebecca Bryan Boone, to the State Cemetery at Frankfort and reburied them on the brow of a high cliff overlooking the lovely and picturesque valley of the Kentucky River. When their coffins were lowered the pallbearers threw in a few spadefuls of earth; then each one of the thousands of persons gathered from all over the state for the imposing ceremonies, passing by, threw in a handful of the soil they were consecrating, as a symbol of his perpetual possession.

A plain monument was erected, simply inscribed with their names, and ornamented with four panels of South Carolina marble depicting typical scenes: Rebecca Boone milking a cow and Daniel Boone felling an Indian, giving directions to a scout and, standing alone, looking abroad over the wilderness, as in life he had looked many a time when he dreamed of possessing land to leave to his children.

FOND OF TROUT

IN the work of mapping the high Sierras of the Pacific Coast, writes a Companion contributor, Mr. Theodore S. Solomons was for a long time engaged. He often had odd experiences; one story that he tells is especially remarkable.

His duty took him all the way from the south side of Yosemite Park into Alaska, and at times he had to make solitary trips. On one such trip he had become separated from the rest of his party by about twenty miles. That was nothing, but it was quite another matter that he had run out of food. However, Theodore carried a rifle and a fishline.

(Continued on page 860)

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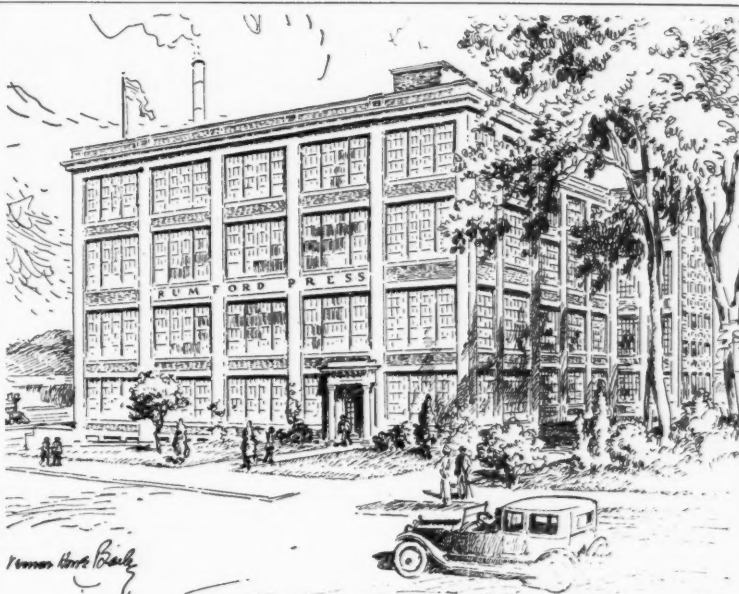
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(Continued from page 855)

With salt in a water-tight receptacle and plenty of matches, also well protected, he did not fear starvation. So he cut a slender sapling, rigged his line, caught some insects for bait and soon had enough trout to feed him two meals at least. Cooking his supper, he ate and then made his bed on the ground, with just one blanket. The rest of the trout he had placed in a small sack, soaked this in the creek, rolled it and laid it beside his bed. Then, with his rifle lying alongside, he went to sleep as calmly as though he had been in his own home.

Sometime in the night he awakened, in the manner of men accustomed to camp life—all over at once and completely, yet without movement. For a moment he lay absolutely quiet, wondering what had roused him, alert and observant. There was a moon, though not in the full. Presently some slight sound caused him to roll his eyes to the left and glance along his own body. Then his breathing nearly stopped.

There across his thighs stretched a long body, with two powerful legs coming down to the ground at his front. A slight twist of his neck allowed him to see in the dim light the shoulders of a cougar and two big legs at his back. Then the beast lifted its head for a second, let its gaze wander around the half circle of trees beyond and again put its jaws at work. He realized that the cougar was trying to unroll the sack to get those trout, while standing across the man.

Softly, Theodore freed his right hand from the blanket and took hold of his rifle at the grip. He tried to lift it and could not, since those broad cat feet were directly upon the barrel. The trial caused the gun to move a fraction of an inch, and the cat felt it. With a half-growl that was largely a hiss, it made one determined grab at the sack, wheeled on its hind legs and leaped for the cover of a thicket twenty feet distant. Theodore sat up swiftly and lifted his rifle. Then he stared with straining eyes at a gray landscape in which a hundred-pound cat had disappeared as by magic.

"You confounded thief!" he ejaculated into space. "You have swiped my breakfast!"

Then he replaced his gun, yawned, cuddled into his blanket and was sound asleep again in five minutes.

ROOSEVELT'S ROCKING-CHAIR

THAT honored 100-per-cent American institution, the rocking-chair, is a thing naturally associated in the general mind with placid domestic comfort in the home, or the gossip of old ladies on hotel piazzas. But it has, Mr. Lincoln A. Lang has revealed in his recent book, "Ranching with Roosevelt," at least one association which belongs to the wild and woolly West, and is appropriately lively and belligerent.

Mr. Lang's shrewd, intelligent Scotch father dearly loved an intellectual battle; and the friendly, genial but combative young Eastern rancher, Theodore Roosevelt, was ever ready for the fray. Never tired mentally, he would return from a hard day in the saddle, tired enough physically to sink gratefully into an inviting rocking-chair, as the debate began. But as the discussion of social and political reform waxed fiercer and fiercer the movement of the chair passed from a gentle and restful swaying to greater and greater violence. Soon it acquired a progressive forward motion, pitching and rocking, pitching and rocking, its occupant wholly oblivious to its mad career until it banged into another piece of furniture, or brought up against the wall.

Then, and only then, Roosevelt would sit up and take notice; and rising from the seat would solemnly drag the runaway rocking-chair back to its starting point, take a long breath, plunge back into the argument, and start rocking a second lap!

TRAINING AFRICAN ELEPHANTS

FOR thirty years, writes Dr. William T. Hornaday, I have been embarrassed by the repeated question, "Can the African elephant be trained to service as successfully as the Indian species?" Each time I have replied, "I think so, but I can't prove it. The African blacks do not try to capture and train wild elephants as the natives of the Far East have done for two thousand years."



At last I have a real answer. Mr. T. Alexander Barns has taken pains to set forth in his book, "Across the Great Craterland to the Congo," a full translation of the records kept by the officers and men of the Belgian Congo government who have undertaken the training of elephants, from the beginning of their experiments in 1879. The centre of their activities was at Api, in the northern Belgian Congo.

The efforts of the Belgians to capture and train wild elephants began under the handicap of complete ignorance on the part of the native workers of all elephant lore. The Belgians had to work with the rawest of raw materials. In 1879 King Leopold caused four Indian elephants and thirteen mahouts to be imported from India, but two of the elephants died on the way, and of the two that actually reached Tanganyika one soon after arrival died there.

The story of the Belgian experiments is highly interesting but too long to quote. Every plan that could be thought of was tried, and in spite of many failures the white officers stuck tenaciously to their task. One of the most discouraging things was the perfectly astounding manner in which newly-caught young elephants would just lie down and die as soon as they found that they were mastered and could not escape. Such experiences emphasize the good luck, as well as good management, of Capt. E. A. Cunningham who, with an absurdly small party of natives caught and kept alive in French West Africa the New York Zoological Society's now famous young pygmy elephant.

In capturing and training their elephants at Api the Belgians were further handicapped by the absence of tame-elephant helpers, so important in all keddah operations in India. But even that difficulty was overcome by catching small elephants only. Next the food question was successfully met. Then it was found that forest elephants could not endure exposure to the hot glare of the sun; and plenty of shade was provided in the corrals. Although at first even the smallest elephants violently objected to being ridden or carrying anything, the trainers worked out methods by which their objections were overcome. Elephants broken to ride and to carry moderate loads soon proved their great value in transportation through swampy plains, so common in Central Africa and so difficult to traverse.

Today the trained-elephant establishment of the Belgian Congo is an unqualified success. The elephants perform just as many kinds of labor, and apparently just as well, as the working elephants of India, Burma and Siam. It has proved that the African elephant is quite as intelligent and quite as clever in reasoning from cause to effect as the Indian elephant. It is only the backwardness of the African black that has kept the African elephant so long out of its rightful place among the ranks of the most intelligent of animals.

MAKING PEOPLE ENJOY THEMSELVES

HOW often have we all, as visitors, been strenuously "introduced" till we were tired enough to drop! Miss Peggy Webbing, a well known professional entertainer, who was one of a group of sisters popular both in England and Canada, tells in her autobiography some of her experiences with people who would insist on giving her a good time when what she wanted was a quiet rest.

Why, she says, does a stout Vancouver journalist suddenly loom up before me? I have forgotten his name. He was a masterful man who came to see us, accompanied by another pressman, and insisted on taking us for a long, most uncomfortable drive. We told him we did not want to go, for we were tired.

"Do you want to go, Bob?" said the stout man, turning to his friend.

"Sure!" said Bob.

"Then go we will!" said the stout man. "Tell the carriage to be here in half an hour, Bob."

The carriage came, and, like the Gilpin family, we did all get in, except our heavy friend, who climbed to the box seat beside the driver. When we had gone about twenty yards a part of the harness broke.

"Don't let 'em get out, Bob," cried the stout man, who had a tremendous voice.

So we had to keep our seats while it was mended, to the great amusement of a crowd on the hotel steps, while inquisitive children hung on the doors and climbed the back of the carriage to stare and joke at us.

We started at last, and our friend on the



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box had made up his mind we were to see all the points of interest, giving us orders through his lieutenant.

"Bob," he would say at intervals, "tell 'em to get out and see the view."

So we got out.

"Show 'em the buildings, Bob. They can't see them properly there. Make 'em get over the gate. All of 'em!"

It was dinner time before Bob was allowed to take us back to the hotel.

Public characters, such as we were, often have to endure compulsory kindness of this sort.

At one of the towns where we arrived late, just in time to give the entertainment, the committee was greatly disappointed, as two pleasant expeditions had had to be abandoned. They had arranged to take us to see the lunatic asylum in the morning and the penitentiary in the afternoon. That was the town, by the way, where a young lady sympathized with me on the hardships of touring.

"I couldn't sit up late every night and travel all day," said she. "I should soon be a perfect fright, like you and your sisters."

"TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE"

WE have said so much about the swimming of the English channel that our readers may have begun to tire of the subject, but we think they will be amused by these lines contributed to the Manchester Guardian by the clever verse writer who signs himself "Lucio." The poem was suggested by the report that one of the unsuccessful aspirants to channel honors wore gloves in the water.

The moment seems fitting and handy
To celebrate just for a while
The elegant tone of the dandy
Who tackles the channel in style;
His manners grow brighter, not dimmer,
Refinement he clings to and loves—
I take off my hat to the swimmer
Who swam in his gloves!

How chic is this careful adherence
To standards correct and complete!
How shameless the slipshod appearance
Of others who tackle this feat!
Exposing great slabs of vile corpus,
With bathing pants lacking all crease,
They dash at the thing like a porpoise,
Half smothered in grease!

It ruins, I think, their endeavor;
If I had their fate to dispose
The channel, I tell you, would never
Be beaten by swimmers like those.
My hero, hair brushed and unmatted,
Would walk ashore, troubles all past,
Gloved, collared correctly, and spatted
At Dover at last.

TWO MORE PET PIGS

"I HAVE often wondered," writes Mrs. Mabel Piper, of Wellfleet, Neb., "why we don't read more stories of pet pigs, for I'm sure every farmer's wife could tell at least one. The story of Charlotte on page 674 of your September 23 issue made us decide to write you one of ours."

Here is Mrs. Piper's story, in her own words:

Two little pigs in our pen this spring didn't get enough to eat. Bert brought them into the house for the children and me to raise. Almost immediately they were drinking milk right out of a pan—a noisy procedure indeed, and one which deeply impressed our baby, who surprised us one morning at the breakfast table by imitating piggy's way most realistically.

For awhile we had to keep the pigs in the house in an old boiler. Snider, however, wouldn't stay in that, but kept jumping out and roaming about the house. That old song, "There's a Brand-new Pig in the Parlor" assumed a new significance for me. We even had to feed them in separate pans, and then Snider would rush to Jane's, neglecting his own until he saw her making for it!

Soon poor Jane fell behind until she was noticeably droopy, and one day, sad to relate, she died.

We all felt so badly about it, but our grief was nothing compared to Snider's. He stood at the door and literally sobbed! That night he refused to stay in his box, but knocked the lid off, and came to the house. The next day we decided to put him in the pen with the other pigs. But we failed to consult Snider. He wouldn't have anything to do with the other pigs. If one of the other pigs approached the old wash-basin out of which he ate, he planted himself bodily in it, rather than share his meal. He was much more friendly with Jim, our cat. I was quite

proud of Snider's attachment to me—at first! But I soon learned to avoid his advances. On Sunday mornings when we had all donned our best we used to have to make a dash from the door to the car.

But alas! The tale of a pig became the tale of a hog. One day the children left the door open and in walked Snider. "Oh, you great big hog!" I said feelingly and truthfully, as I fruitlessly tried to lift him out. I finally succeeded with a convenient broom. And Snider stood outside berating me to the full extent of his vocabulary. Some hog Latin!

I grew to dread the time when Snider would have to go to the market. He had been such a devoted friend. But, as it happened, he met his end in another way. During the day we used to let the pigs run loose in the canyon, and at night they would come in. One evening we noticed Snider standing off by himself, with a swollen head. We knew instantly what that meant: a rattlesnake had bitten him. Poor Snider! He had played with us so much that he had lost his natural fear of strange things, and when another pig would have fled at the sound of the warning rattle of old Mr. Snake, Snider merely stopped to investigate. By the next morning Snider was dead.

Yet by warning us of the proximity of danger, we felt that Snider had been a friend to us even in death. As little Pete said, "I dot to be tafeul or that ole snake'll bite me too!"

Such is the Sad Story of Snider. How many more readers of The Companion have interesting anecdotes to tell about curious pets, and about livestock in particular?

KITA'S DOUBLE

SIMPLETONS play an important part in the humorous literature of all nations. A favorite story of a Japanese pair is related in the Saturday Evening Post by Yusuke Tsurumi. They belonged to Tokyo, whose citizens are reputed by tradition to be rather easy-natured and gullible. Their names were Yaji and Kita.

One day Yaji rushed into Kita's house much excited. He had just visited the city parts, Asakusa, and had investigated the reason of a crowd there collected.

"Kita-san, come out quick!" he shouted. "Quick, quick! Don't lose a second! I have seen your dead body in Asakusa!"

"Really?" cried Kita, hurrying out, terribly shocked; and in a moment the two were racing back along the highroad toward the park. There, to be sure, was the crowd, and a group of police around a prostrate object. "Make way! Make way!" they shouted, pushing in closer, until at last Yaji pointed to the dead man and asked his friend in accents of horror, "Don't you think this is really you, Kita-san?"

Kita looked, and looked again. "Yes, you are right," he admitted sadly. "It's me."

So they claimed the body and started to carry it home, Yaji helping Kita to get it adjusted on his back. Back they trotted along the highroad, more and more wearily. Suddenly a disturbing idea flashed into Kita's mind.

"Look here, Yaji-san!" he exclaimed. "I know the dead man on my back is me. But who is the man carrying him?"

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

Editor's Note: There are so many motion pictures, and there is so little trustworthy information about them, that it may be hard for your family to tell which are really worth seeing. The following list, revised every week, contains the pictures which The Youth's Companion recommends to you, as clean and interesting. We cannot express any opinion about other pictures which are shown on the same programme.

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The Flying Horseman—William Fox
Eight urchins in a flivver rescue their cowboy hero and help him win the race. Buck Jones.

Laddie—F. B. O.
Gene Stratton Porter's rustic romance faithfully translated to the screen. John Bowers.

The Midnight Kiss—William Fox
His pigs and the medicine he had compounded for their ailments meant more to the young hero than girls did. Richard Walling and Janet Gaynor.

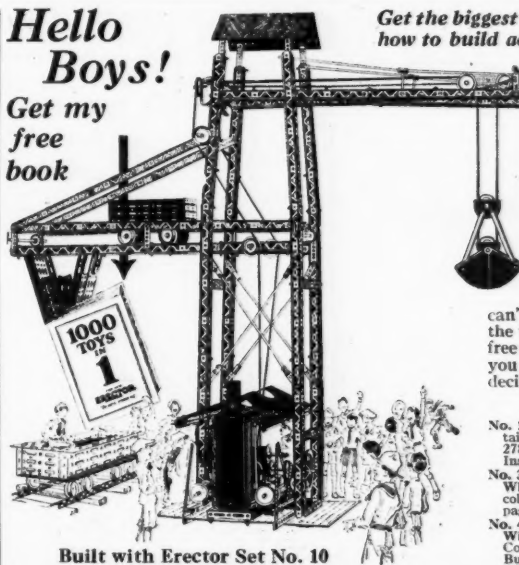
The Flaming Frontier—Universal
General Custer's last fight at the Little Big Horn, and the events that led up to it. Hoot Gibson.

Subway Saddle—First National
The misadventure of a shop-girl and a subway train guard. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

The Man Nobody Knows—Pictorial Clubs, Inc.
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A. C. Gilbert

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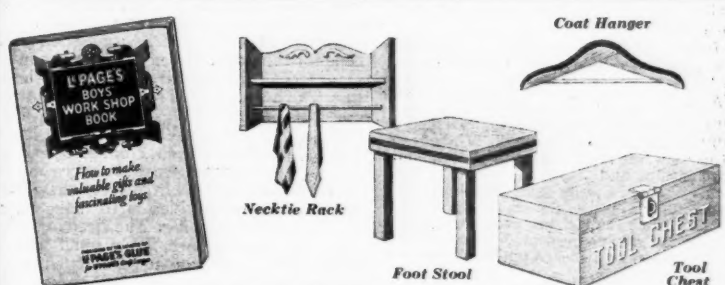
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Please send me FREE my copy of the book, "1,000 Toys in 1", and the mysterious Erectoscope.

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This wonderful new book will show you how to make Christmas Gifts

You can be a skillful Craftsman

NOW with the approach of the holiday season when everyone is thinking of Christmas Gifts, comes this NEW LePage's Boys' Work Shop Book to show you how to make many fine gifts and fascinating toys. Almost every boy has used LePage's Glue for mending, but probably very few realize how many gifts they can make with the help of LePage's Glue, and very few realize how skillful they can be with LePage's Glue.

In LePage's Boys' Work Shop Book, we give you complete, easy-to-follow directions for making valuable gifts like those shown above, and many more besides, and also directions for making a number of fascinating toys. Any boy can follow these directions and secure excellent results.

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There's another thing we give you in this book. It is a recipe for making LePage's Gesso—better than putty for filling in cracks, uneven places or nail holes in the gifts you make, and it gives you a method of imitating wood carving in a most interesting and practical way, so that you can decorate your gifts.

Send 10 cents for this NEW
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Try this interesting new way of making gifts and toys. You'll be surprised and pleased at the nice things you can make. Just write your name and address on the coupon below, tear the coupon out and mail it to us with 10 cents (in coin or stamps). A copy of LePage's new Boys' Work Shop Book will be sent you at once, postage paid. Address: LePage's Craft League, Dept. PP3, Gloucester, Mass.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed please find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's new Boys' Work Shop Book. Please send a copy to:—

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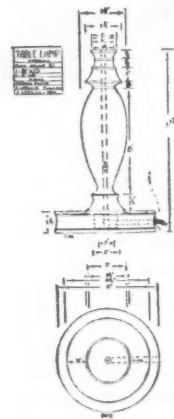
LE PAGE'S
GLUE
In Bottles and Tubes

50th Weekly \$5 Award

TO Associate Member Charles T. Stewart (13), of 1330 Blue Avenue, Zanesville, Ohio, goes the 50th Weekly Award, for the excellent plan and construction of a table lamp. A number of inquiries, in the past weeks, have indicated that Lab Members, with the advent of colder weather and longer nights, are turning their attention to practical indoor projects which will have a definite use in their homes. A number of specific questions have been asked about lamps, and the Director is glad to be able to present as good an original plan as that of Member Stewart. Other Members should have little trouble in duplicating his work from the clear working drawings he has supplied, together with a careful description of process.

The drawing is reproduced below. And Member Stewart's description is as follows:

"I made this lamp on the lathe. I took two pieces of black walnut 1 3/4 inches thick, and 3 1/2 inches wide, cut a slot in each one on the table saw, and glued them together. The slot was for the lamp cord. The only trouble I had in turning was cutting a hole in the base for the rest to sit on. The base is 8 inches in diameter, 1 3/4 inches thick. A hole was bored through the base for the cord, the light fixtures screwed on and the wire soldered. The lamp has two bulbs and is finished with one coat of lacquer, one coat of varnish, and waxed. I used pumice stone to smooth the varnish.



"The photograph is 100% Stewart, as I made the table and the book rack as well as the lamp, and my sister made the lamp shade. The pictures on it were cut from a copy of Peterson's Magazine published in 1865, and depict the styles of the period. The background is a dull orange, and the edges are bound with brown velvet ribbon to match the base."

"Tested and Indorsed"

SEVERAL weeks ago, we gave you a preliminary list of manufacturers to whom Certificates of Test and Approval as issued by the Y. C. Lab had been granted. These tests, as you know, are rigid analyses of material and workmanship and rigorous working tests, which, if satisfactorily passed, permit the manufacturer to utilize the seal of the Lab for one year. Since the last list was published, so many inquiries have been made concerning it that the Secretary wishes to publish the present list in entirety. Here it is.

GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Flexyde Baseballs
THE POSTAL PEN CO., INC.
Postal Pen
JOHN F. FREETO CO.
Freto Shoes
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TOOL CO.
Speed Way Shop
WHEELER OSGOOD CO.
Laminex Ply Wood
LUTHER GRINDER MFG. CO.
Luther Bench Vise
THE STANLEY WORKS
Stanley Tools
CONNECTICUT VALLEY MFG. CO.
Wright's Bits
ARKANSAS LUMBER CO.
Arkansas Soft Pine
ATLAS PRODUCTS CO.
Fits-Kit Hacksaw

Approximately twenty different investigations are now in progress either at the Lab's Experimental Laboratory at Wollaston, Mass., or in the laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. All Y. C. Lab Members may purchase and use with confidence the products of manufacturers whose names will appear here from time to time. Members are urged at all times to give us their own impressions of the material which they use, whether or not the product has been approved by the Lab. Your own opinions will be carefully investigated and highly valued.



To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below

THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

CHEERIO BIRDS

"Good for a Laugh"



The mystery bird, Labby



Bill, the Snowshoeing Duck



Dick, the Red-Headed Sailor

WHILE we were making these queer-looking birds in the Lab, one of the Members asked, "Well, what are they good for?"

The answer is this: they are good for a laugh. After they are finished and colored you can't help but smile whenever you look at one of them. Hence they are hereby christened "Cheerio Birds." Anything that will cheer us and make us happy is worth making. Aside from that, it's lots of fun gathering odd bits from the carpet of the woods and forming them into these quaint birds.

Anything at all of a woody nature will do as a contribution to their anatomy—pine cones, milkweed pods, horse chestnuts and burrs, acorns and odd knots and roots.

To build them we start with a good-sized cone for the body. The neck and legs can be made from a thin dowel; the 3/16-inch size is fine. The hole is drilled for the neck and the dowel glued in. The legs are forced up into the cone, in glue, and allowed to set hard. The feet are whittled out from soft pine. In the models pictured we put moccasins or shoes on instead of bird's feet; they look funnier. The whole idea is to make them grotesque and amusing. The heads can be made of various things, like a small cone, a horse chestnut, or they can be whittled out of wood. After they are done they are painted in quick-drying lacquer manufactured by the Murphy Varnish Company. This is recommended over paint or enamel because any number of colors can be put on in an incredibly short time. And these birds would put a Bird of Paradise to shame for color.

Following is a description of Dick Deadeye, the Red-Headed Sailor, Bill, the Snowshoeing Duck, and Labby, the strange bird of our own creation. These are the birds shown in the pictures.

Dick. Two pine cones, a small one for the head and a larger for the body. Sailor collar made of a piece of cardboard and set around the neck by means of a slot in front; glued on the top of the body. Two small acorns for eyes are set in glue. Nose carved from wood. The hat is a piece of cardboard and a smaller piece of wood with a brad run through them into the head. The sailor pants are carved of

wood, as are the shoes. These pants are pointed at the top and driven up into the cone with glue. A short dowel connects pants and shoes. The colors: blue hat, collar, body and pants. The head is of bright orange; eyes yellow and black, rimmed with red; stockings red, shoes black; bill and neck yellow. The little feathers are stuck into

the cone with a bit of glue. His hat should be set at a true nautical angle, his head cocked on one side and his feet should toe in. All this makes Dick very amusing and cheerful.

Bill is on snowshoes, one foot quite a bit in advance of the other. Bill is on the move. Head is of wood with black upholstery tacks for eyes. A small cone, trimmed, makes a tam. His tail is a milkweed pod. The snowshoes are of wood, as are the moccasins and legs. The muffer is made of a piece of woollen cloth. Colors: bill, yellow, relieved with black. The head and body are gray. Tam is green with a red pompon; legs yellow; moccasins brown; snowshoes yellow drawn with black lacings. The tail—ah, the tail is painted with five different flamboyant colors. It is a tail of parts—a tail to rival the peacock's.

Labby is rather dandified, something of a dude. His comb is made of tin with a sharp point for driving it into his skull of wood. The neck is a cork stopper, and the white wings collar is of tin. Legs and shoes are of wood. The tail was a natural baby cone on a stem; we simply set it in with glue. Colors: green comb, red head and yellow bill, white collar, green body and yellow legs. The shoes are black with white tops and black buttons painted on. His eyes are upholstery tacks. The tail is red with small cone green. The feathers were surreptitiously purloined from a small duster.

These birds and their specifications are but mere suggestions. The joy in creating them is not from following a pattern but in letting these natural small fragments of Nature suggest their own building. And—they make splendid Christmas presents.

HARRY I. SHUMWAY,
Councilor, Y. C. Lab.



The serious business of making Cheerio Birds

Questions and Answers

Q.—Can you tell me how to plait raw hide into a round rope. I would like to use four, five or six strands. Associate Member James H. Fisher, Bolivar, Ohio.

A.—by Councilor Harriman: Practice the 6-strand braid with thin strings of leather until you get the knack. To learn, stretch a cord tightly between two trees or posts—a small, round, tough cord. Then lay the six flat strings of leather along this cord at one end and bind them firmly to it. It is best to have all six wound on big spools and made fast except for 15 inches of end to start with. Now pick up the top pair and cross hands, bringing one over the other. Now lift the next pair and bring them over, so that the upper one of the first pair goes under the second on the side it is approaching and the opposite side is exactly the reverse.

For instance, when you lift the first pair, the one in your right hand is Number 1, that in the left is Number 2. The second pair are—right Number 3, left Number 4. Third pair—right Number 5, left Number 6.

One comes over two and under four and over six. Two goes under one, over three and under five, making one complete turn. Now one comes up, opposite where it had gone down, keeping the same routine of over-under-over-under, while two is repeating on the other side. Lay your strands flat and tight, letting out more slack from the spools as you progress and need it.

My first manufactures were a cattle whip and a riding whip, by this rule. When it was completed, it measured 12 feet 6 inches from butt to top of cracker. I learned to use this with the same skill shown by the Australians who give exhibitions in vaudeville with stock whips.

The Mexican braided riatas are from 40 to 45 feet long, usually of six strands. Mine is six strands, 45 feet long. The honda, or running ring, is of rawhide doubled and sewed, a round whang center inside the fold to give it thickness. The riatas end comes in through a round hole and has what a sailor calls a "walnut" on the inside of the ring.

Never make the mistake made by one of our writers of juvenile yarns. He made his hero rope a savage beast at 35 yards. There is more roping done at 10 to 15 feet than at a greater distance, although a powerful and expert Mexican once made a record cast of 80 feet in an exhibition and put his loop on the target, but he stood on the ground and got ready for the trial of his life. The ordinary cowboy, or vaquero, casts from the back of a running horse and goes in close to make sure.

I once roped a cow at 20 feet and saved her from a headlong plunge into a 12-foot-deep barranca, but I had to do it or see her killed. My horse was going fast, and I sent him in a curve that picked her out of the air, as she was heading downward.

Q.—Which college in the East is good to take woodwork up in? Do you happen to know of a cabinet shop, in the East if possible, to which I may apply for work? Associate Member Rudolph Cristlip, 702 Davidson Ave., Connellsville, Pa.

A.—by Councilor Townsend: Not many colleges give instruction in woodwork or cabinet work, such as that in which you are interested. That class of work is found more in schools of the trade-school type. There are several good schools of this class, including Wentworth Institute, Boston, Mass.; Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.; Cooper Union, New York City. No doubt these schools could furnish you names of shops where you could work during the day and attend the school in the evening.

Q.—How are blueprints made? Can I make simple ones? What material would I need? Associate Member Herbert Bates, Ames, Iowa.

A.—by Councilor Townsend: Blueprints are used in place of an original drawing, as they may be easily replaced when damaged or lost. Also it is possible for several copies to be in use at the same time.

A drawing made on ordinary drawing paper should be traced on this paper or vellum, using ink, or on tracing cloth. This is placed over sensitized blueprint paper and exposed to sunlight or artificial light. After exposure, the blueprint paper is washed and dried, leaving the white lines on a blue background.

Membership Coupon

The coupon below will bring you full information regarding Membership in the Y. C. Lab. It is a National Society for Ingenious Boys interested in any phase of electricity, mechanics, radio, engineering, model construction and the like. Election to Associate Membership makes any boy eligible for the Special, Weekly and Quarterly Awards of the Society, entitles him to receive its bulletins and to ask any question concerning mechanical and construction matters in which he is interested, free of charge.

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name
Address

Buy separately or in assortments



Who had the hammer last?

THE kitchen ransacked to find the hammer! The saw unearthed behind a packing case in the cellar! Is that what happens in your house when you want to make or repair something?

Why not make a good tool chest and end this hide-and-seek game forever? Of course there's no sense in making a chest to keep tools safe unless those tools are *good* tools. Most boys know Stanley Tools, for Stanley Tools are the first choice of carpenters, and are in thousands of manual training classes.



You can buy Stanley Tools separately and accumulate your own set. And there are assortments of Stanley Tools all ready for you in strong cardboard boxes *with simple directions from*

which you can make your own chest. Prices of these assortments range from \$5 to \$20.

With your tool chest made, the fun is just *started*. Your Stanley Tools will make all sorts of interesting and useful things. A bird house, perhaps, or a table, an automobile, a bookrack, a flower box or a boat.



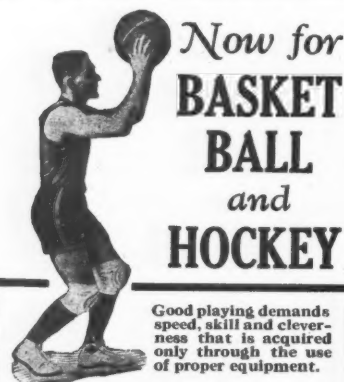
BOYS: For only 10c (to cover cost of printing and mailing) we will gladly send you a plan sheet which gives full directions for making a tool chest like the one shown above. Ask for Plan No. 70—YC.

Ask your hardware dealer to show you the line of Stanley Tools. And send for our Catalogue No. 34-B which describes Stanley Tools both separately and in assortments. Address: The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.

The best tools are the cheapest to use
Ask your hardware dealer



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Will give you every assistance in improving your game.

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Send today for Catalog and Free Book of Official Basket Ball Rules.

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If you want to be an expert marksman and enter our free shooting contest get Bulls Eye steel air rifle shot and practice with the FREE TARGETS your dealer will give you.

The secret of good shooting is to get the best ammunition. That's why you want smooth, polished, steel Bulls Eye BBs. You will shoot straight with them. They won't stick in your rifle. And you can use them over and over again.

If your hardware dealer doesn't handle Bulls Eye BBs send us his name and address together with 5c in stamps and your name and address. We will then send you a sample tube of shiny, steel Bulls Eye BBs and free targets to practice shooting on. Ask your dealer for the NICKEL SIZE TUBE.

BULLS EYE

3096 Snelling Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE Y. C. LAB (Continued from page 862)

Questions and Answers

Q.—I am enclosing a self-addressed envelope, and hope you may give me some advice about an old camera I have. My camera is an old style Nemo Jr., made to use glass plate films. It has a leak in the bellows. Is there any place I could get new bellows put on or would it be possible to get the materials and do this myself? Also would it be possible to use the lens on a post card size camera. Mine is 4 x 5 size. Roderick Stocking, Michigan.

A.—by Governor Shumway: I would not advise putting a new bellows on an old camera, as the cost would be too high. Usually the bellows can be patched in the places where the light leaks in. If the bellows is leather it will stand mending a good many times. Small leaks can be patched up with ordinary court plaster. Use small pieces of the black plaster and draw the edges of the crack together with it. If the leak is larger a small piece of leather can be cemented on; use fine thin leather like a section of an old kid glove.

It would be a very difficult job to make a new bellows; that is a fine art, and I doubt that one could do it without some training. A lens that will cut a 4 x 5 plate will usually cover a post-card size, although the latter is $\frac{1}{4}$ inch longer. You can easily work this out yourself by building a test box out of pasteboard and seeing whether it does cut the edges by looking on the ground glass at the image under a cloth.

Q.—If possible where can I get the directions and cost of making a loud speaker for a crystal set? Associate Member Richard Cranson, 367 East Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

A.—by Councilor Ranlett: Unless you live within a mile or so of a broadcasting station and have a very sensitive crystal set that produces signals of more than usual volume you will not find a loud speaker—even the best manufactured speaker—satisfactory with a crystal set. A crystal set simply does not produce signals of sufficient volume to actuate a loud speaker.

Directions for making loud speakers are given in the book "Loud Talkers, How to Build Them" that is sold for twenty-five cents by the Conrad Company, 233 Fulton St., New York City. I have seen an article describing a device worked out by an English experimenter who claimed that he could produce signals of any volume from a crystal set. The description, as I remember it, was theoretical, rather than practical.

Directions for making an extremely good crystal receiver were printed in The Youth's Companion of Oct. 22 and Nov. 5, 1925.

Q.—I would like to make a raft, the size for two people and room enough for a few more things. Will you write and tell me how? Associate Member Hurshel Mooney, Box 518, Big Timber, Mont.

A.—by Councilor Frenz: You do not say what kind of raft you wish to build, so we suppose it is just an ordinary raft of logs. It should be at least twelve feet long, and fifteen to eighteen would be better. Use two or three good-sized logs of the lightest wood you can get. Fasten them together by cross-ties of timber at least two by four inches, and it is best to bolt the timbers to the logs rather than to nail them, for a raft will wrack a good deal in rough water or a swift current, and nails cannot be trusted. On the cross-ties build a deck or platform of boards. That will raise your feet three or four inches from the top of the logs, and insure a dry voyage unless you strike heavy icebergs or encounter a tidal wave.

Q.—Some other boys and I are fixing a canoe which when loaded will be about 400 lbs. in weight when we get in it. Could you tell me what horse-power motor we would need to propel it? It is 14 ft. long. W. Gilmore Gilliam, Winters, Cal.

A.—by Councilor Magoun: Your canoe propulsion problem is very interesting. You ask me what horse-power would be needed to propel it, but you don't say how fast. The speed makes a lot of difference in the power needed just as you get out of breath more quickly when running than when walking. I can give you a little something to go on though. Experiments carried out on the Technology Crew showed that the average oarsman exerts half a horse-power when rowing a race. Two boys paddling a canoe could hardly exert more than that, due to the superior mechanism provided for rowing a shell. You should also keep in mind that the horse-power varies, about as the cube of the speed. That is, to double the speed you must have eight times as much power.

Q.—How can I take the wrinkles out of heavy paper? Associate Member Myron Bookwalter, Fairhaven, O.

A.—by Councilor Townsend: Your question is rather indefinite. It all depends upon the purpose for which the paper is to be used, as to what treatment should be applied for removing wrinkles.

Slightly dampening with water and then pressing with a warm flat iron may work. If for drawing, apply glue for about $\frac{1}{4}$ " along the edges, wet thoroughly with water and stretch smooth on a drawing board. Hold in place with thumb tacks. When dry the paper will be smooth and taut.

Proceedings

October 18.
Began work on a model airplane. This is the Lab's initial plunge into this line. We elected to build the first one from odds and ends, materials we could get anywhere. This is not easy to do, as airplane construction is a very special art, requiring many fittings not to be had except from a dealer specializing in those things. However, we went ahead, and made the frame from some quarter-inch square spruce we had sawed. Glued and wired this together. Designed a pair of propellers.

October 19.
Built the main wing, using bamboo, steamed, for the ribs and a spar of thin pine. Bound the edge with rattan.

October 20.
All day on the model airplane. Finished the main wing in white silk and gave it two coats of varnish. Made the elevator the same way. Finished the propellers. Built the landing gear. Made the wheels out of a piece of wood, using a rubber ring from a baby's rattle for the tires. Finally got the first model all set at 5.30, after three afternoons of work on it. Not so successful. It banged into a tree and snapped off a propeller. Better luck next time, we hope.

October 21.
Started another airplane today—this one 40 inches long with a wing spread of 36 inches. Made the main wing of dowels, balsam wood and rattan. Built the fuselage of special spruce. First we made a detailed drawing, life-size; so we'll know where we're going this time.

October 22.
Covered wing with bamboo paper and gave it a coat of bamboo varnish. Made the rudder and elevator of bamboo and rattan and covered them with the paper. Also started another fuselage. Finished and varnished the propellers, which came rough.

October 23.
Finished the first plane in a rush. Mounted the propellers and shafts, bent the hooks, etc. Built the landing gear. Took it out in Merry-mount Park, where the Indians and Pilgrims used to fight. Sad to say, our airplane acted as wild as any Indian. It refused to rise (much), but scooted along the ground. This art is not so easy as building boats. Still the plane did actually show some inclination to fly. Tomorrow we'll experiment further.

October 25.
Rearranged wings and elevators and altered the amount of rubber in the motor. No better luck. The plane refused to leave the ground; seemed too heavy. Darkness overtook us, and we went home, sadder—and no wiser.

October 26.
Still trying out other fuselages and arrangements. Smashed two of them. Removed the landing gear to lessen weight. The planes showed more inclination to go up; they tried to loop the loop but came to grief. Altered wing and elevator, but this didn't improve things much. Perhaps we shouldn't feel discouraged, but as airplane builders we feel a bit in a fog. Perhaps tomorrow the sun will shine.

October 27.
Literally the sun didn't shine—but figuratively it did. Twice our plane elected to fly, somewhat erratically, 'tis true, but still it flew. Once it landed in the top of an apple tree and again right side up down the field. We called it off after the elastic wing bands had broken. There is something wrong with the balance, but we think we can find out what it is and correct it.

Began making some more Cheerio Birds, two dozen of them. These are the birds that are made out of pine cones and bits of wood.

October 28.
Very busy making the Cheerio Birds—48 feet, 24 heads, 48 legs, 24 tin collars. Hope we don't get to dislike the Cheerio Bird before we're through with him. Made a different type of main wing for the plane. This is no great success.

October 29.
Built another airplane, a small one with a single propeller. Sometimes it flies, and sometimes it doesn't. Still on the Cheerio Birds.

October 30.
Designed another wing for the airplane and a lighter landing gear. Tested some microscopes, field glasses and a small spy-glass. Made a lot of pictures.

THE BEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

The Coin Divination

PLACE a number of coins in a hat, and ask that one coin be removed, marked, and passed around for identification. When this has been done request one person to hold it in his hand, and press his hand against his forehead, for a few seconds. Then the coin is put back in the hat with the others.

With your eyes blindfolded, and your head turned away, you may then reach in the hat, and bring out the chosen coin, mysteriously finding it from among the others!

The secret: When the coin is passed around and held by one person, it becomes quite warm. All the other coins in the hat will be cold, so you can easily discover the chosen one.

THIS BOOK TELLS YOU HOW TO MAKE THINGS



And It's Yours Free!

Shows what a "cinch" it is to make about everything you use in camping, scouting, playing or fixing up a den—also why Arkansas Soft Pine makes each job easy.

Write now for your copy, being sure to include the name of the lumber dealer from whom you'd buy the material.

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"American Flyer"

MINIATURE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

NEW BOOK OF TRAINS

Every boy should have this 1926 American Flyer catalog showing the full line of American Flyer Electrical and Mechanical trains and over 100 of the newest railroad accessories. The "President's Special" electric train and all other "crack" American Flyer models are pictured and fully described. Many are shown in full colors. You cannot be up-to-date on modern miniature railroads unless you have this valuable book. It's free—write us today.

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THE KELSEY CO., P-79, Meriden, Conn.



It All Began with Betty's Club

FIRST of all—G. Y. C. stands for Girls of The Youth's Companion! In response to the interest you all showed in Betty's Club and a good many letters saying 'Why can't we have something as good as the boys' Y. C. Lab?' plans have been under way for the last three months for a real, live girls' organization that we could all belong to as readers of The Youth's Companion. Nothing seemed nicer than to start it in the hundredth birthday year. And the nicest things that The Companion could offer you as part of its birthday celebration are the special advantages and all-the-year-round prizes that are to belong to the members of the G. Y. C.

Here are the first plans. How I hope you will like them and will all be proudly wearing the blue and gold of our keystone pin before very many more weeks have passed! While it won't be too easy to win the pin, because I'm sure you'll agree with me that we all want it to stand for something very worth while and fine in the way of achievement, it isn't going to be discouragingly hard; so send along the little form below, and it will bring you all the latest news about Betty's Club and how it grew to be the G. Y. C., and I will send you all you need to know about becoming a full-fledged member of the G. Y. C. with all its honors and privileges of membership.

The Why, When and Where of Our Workbox

ON October 20, six girls met at Letitia Valentine's, and that was the beginning of our G. Y. C. Workbox where all the enterprises that we will try together and print on this page will be first given a thorough try-out so that you can see just how girls of your own age and interests are doing things that you can be sure are well worth trying if they recommend them to you. The names of the first workbox members are:

Natalie Brigham
Lucille Cook
Helen Drake
Ruth Sargent
Dorothy Thissell
Letitia Valentine
Carola Whitman

I'm sure that as you come to know them through their share in the G. Y. C. you'll like them as well as I do—and they are all keen to get to know you as fellow G. Y. C. members.

At their first meeting, they all decided that the best enterprise they could undertake at the beginning would be to make themselves smocks to work in and notebooks covered with matching material in which they could keep a record diary of the enterprises they tried, along with the results they achieved—good or bad! Then Letty Valentine's mother found an old second-hand chest of drawers which they painted up to look like new—this is to keep all their working outfit in like the smocks and notebooks, and stencil outfits and cooking things. When this was all done they went on to make cooking aprons and business-like little caps with a clear G. Y. C. neatly stitched in the center of the front.

As soon as you join the G. Y. C. you will

Return to Hazel Grey,

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington Street, Boston

Dear Hazel:

I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a branch club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

My name is.....

I am.....years old.

Address.....

Announcing the G. Y. C.



OUR KEYSTONE PIN
GOLD LETTERS
ON BLUE ENAMEL

Our aim: greater knowledge, skill and happiness through enterprises which lead to successful achievements

probably want to make yourself a working smock like these and an apron and cap and a notebook for a record diary too. That is why the directions are all carefully published here—if you need even more help just write to me, and the G. Y. C. Workbox will be glad to answer any other questions you may have. If you are lucky enough to have an old piece of furniture that you can dress up like this clever job that Natalie and Helen did as their first bit of interior decorating, why so much to the better!

Next week is coming a page account with lots of pictures



Natalie cut out her own smock—it went very slowly at first because she had never made one before. Do you like the Workbox smocks? Why not make one and join us in our painting adventures?

of how they all decorated the best-looking Thanksgiving party table you ever saw and then the week after something you have all been waiting for—accounts of how to make darling and unusual Christmas gifts yourselves for very little expense!



Natalie, hard at work spattering the inside cover of her diary. She had a dreadful time with her first cover, but the second one came out much better.

EVERY WEEK

Remember: this is only the very beginning of the G. Y. C. Twelve times two pages wouldn't hold all I have to tell you! Every week there will be some new enterprise here, and your own pictures and letters will appear too, with lists of new members.

Hazel Grey.

8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

How the Workbox Made their Smocks

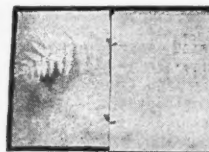
WHEN Letty Valentine invited Helen and Natalie and Lucille and Carola and Ruth and Dorothy to be the first members for the G. Y. C. Workbox out at her house, she knew that they would wonder how in the world they could be expected to do painting and all kinds of other rather messy things without aprons—and she hadn't told them to bring aprons because she was afraid that they'd think she was trying to start just another glorified cooking class or something. So she went to one of the large department stores and bought a lovely close-weave washable cretonne of good quality and decided that they would have a smocking "program" at their first meeting. The background of the cretonne is a pale cream, and the small gayly colored flower figures are daintily outlined in black. She allowed three and one quarter yards of 36" material for each smock. The pattern consisted of two fronts and a back piece gathered on to a yoke. After the under-arm seams were stitched the sleeves were set in. A straight collar was then added and pockets cut so that they were wider at the top than at the bottom.



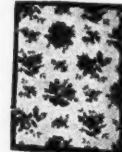
Lucille and Carola start making boudoir pillows for Christmas gifts—watch for a coming G. Y. C. page to find out how to make them yourself.

The girls decided to wear black ties with them, and Natalie wears a headband too, because her hair has a way of getting into one eye just when she is leaning over something that needs a great deal of concentrated attention!

The girls say to tell you all that it is very easy indeed to make a working smock and that an hour and a half from start to finish should be long enough. (Judging from some



The way the inside cover of Natalie's record diary looked after the spatter work dried and she unpinned the fern. Having rings to hold your lined sheets allows for the addition of pages for illustrations and snapshots as well as writing sheets. You will want to refer to your notes. This is a good way to keep them.



This is the official record diary design of the G. Y. C. You will find that it takes any standard 8 1/2 x 11 sheet. Use whatever is left from your smock and bind it with tape for strength and a pleasing color contrast.

of the dresses in the Fashion Fête, I think some of you could probably do it in five minutes!)

If any of you get stuck on cutting your smocks, the Workbox will make you a pattern for five cents; the price to non-members of the G. Y. C. will be fifteen cents.

Any pretty inexpensive material makes a good choice for smocks. Only try to have them all alike, so that they are an individual mark of your own branch club.

Record Diaries

SO many interesting things were going on at once that the G. Y. C. Workbox thought that a diary was the only way to record all their enterprises and achievements. Some cretonne that was left over from their smocks suggested a good idea for covers, so they cut out pieces 8 1/2" x 11 1/2" and lined these with pieces of white oilcloth to make them stiff enough. Then some one suggested spatter work as a decoration for the inside covers, so before they went any further they went outdoors and picked some woodbine and a piece of fern and pinned them to the oilcloth. Then with toothbrush and a small comb they were ready to start—the brush was wet with waterproof ink and the comb drawn through it. This spattered the oilcloth in tiny dots. After the spattering dried the leaves were unpinned and taken off the oilcloth, and the resulting design was most attractive: Natalie did hers in black, red and green ink.

The next step was to bind the covers, and this was done by pasting ordinary black seam binding tape (which measured 1/2 of an inch doubled all around the edges). Finally two holes were punched 2 1/2" from the top and bottom edges and the notebooks were filled with standard lined paper—like the theme paper you have probably all used!

The First Pages of Helen's Record Diary

I ARRIVED home from school Tuesday night, October 19, and I cannot say that I was sorry that I was looking forward to the next day after school when I would start in as a member of the G. Y. C. Workbox. But in the morning when I woke up about 8.30 I was not so eager to begin work; the thing I wanted most just then was not to try out a new enterprise, but sleep! However, I managed to arise, eat my breakfast and go down to school and then to Letitia Valentine's. We worked that day on that wonderful chest of drawers which, after I had been told that it originally had come from a secondhand store, I thought had been so unusually well painted and improved that even the man who had sold it could not have recognized it! Then we left the chest to start in on notebook covers.

My second day of work.

Wednesday

My second day at the chest and notebook. The chest was yet not particularly beautiful, but I knew it would be when it was finished. I loved doing the notebook.

Monday

Sunday had passed, and again I went over to Letty's right after school. Today I was to stencil a ship on one of the chest drawers!

Wednesday

Today I worked on the notebook and finished it.

Thursday

Something new to start, and I liked it a lot, too. We started to make our cooking caps and aprons.

Saturday morning

Today we bound the covers to our diaries with black tape. Oh, what a sticky job! But it was great fun. We had our pictures taken in various positions, and I tried hard not to smile when Natalie tried to make me. We are getting ideas for Christmas presents, and I'm just dying to start making a bag for my sister.

Tuesday

Today we worked on lollypop dolls for party favors, and when they were finished they really looked like little dancing girls with their cute tall caps cocked on one side. This work was loads of fun.

Then we set a table to try out Thanksgiving party decorations. That part was all right, but the trouble was there was not a scrap of food on it; but then it looked very nice, and the next time we set a table we will put something good on it. The rest of the time I worked on Christmas presents and really accomplished something.

The G. Y. C. Chest

THE chest is the most tremendous enterprise that the Workbox undertook during its first weeks of existence, for if you have ever tried taking the old paint off something of yours you know that it means real energy and patience. However, as Helen said, the chest was not particularly beautiful at the beginning, but she knew it would be when it was finished!

First of all she and Natalie worked with

varnish remover until every trace of the old paint was off. Then they sandpapered the chest until it felt smooth to the fingers. And then, as the varnish remover would injure the enamel, they next rubbed the surfaces thoroughly with an old cloth soaked in turpentine. A few bad dents and digs were carefully filled in with putty.

As raw wood showed in most places, a first coat of something had to be put on as a foundation and for this was used flat white paint which dried with a dead finish. When this was dry it was given a light sandpapering with #00 sandpaper. And then the surface felt just like an egg shell!

Light gray enamel flowed on with a flat bristle brush was the next step. And here you can profit by the experience of the Workbox—learn as soon as you possibly can not to be either too stingy or too lavish with the enamel.

The weather was dry and warm, and the chest dried fairly evenly. How thrilling it was to see it glistening all over in a neat silvery gray!

The wooden knobs on all the drawers had been unscrewed, and Natalie worked hard over these giving them two coats of black enamel. Then at the last came the delightful task of choosing a stencil pattern to relieve the expanse of plain gray that the chest presented.

First of all Letty and Helen cut out an oval stencil—large enough to give a small margin all around the ship design that had been chosen for the decoration. The oval was carefully edged around with artist's ivory black oil paint, the stencil removed and the oval filled in with black, which dried to a dead finish over night.

The next day the stencil of the ship was centered and completely filled in on each black oval with artist's white oil paint. When this had dried it was an easy job to go over the white with the appropriate colors.

The ships on the Workbox chest are the gayest you ever saw! The lower part is emerald green, topped off with a bright blue upper deck, a vermilion prow and a sail of light yellow shaded to orange. A red flag on a straw colored mast completes the gay effect.

As all the colors used dried dead, a final



Lucille is four years older than Natalie, but that makes no difference in the Workbox, for here you may see her kneeling at Natalie's feet helping to pin up her apron

coat of waterproof varnish was put on the stenciled oval and ship. As the finishing touch to the whole thing Natalie screwed the knobs on to the drawers, and the inside of the drawers was treated to a coat of shellac.

The total cost of refinishing was less than a dollar for enamel, varnish remover and under coat of flat white. The artist's colors cost from fifteen to fifty cents a tube, but very little of them was used, and a few cents would

cover the actual amount of color put on the chest.

The actual value of the chest is hard to reckon in dollars in its finished state, but one of the numbers of the Y. C. Lab who saw it said it looked like a million dollars—and that was praise from an expert!

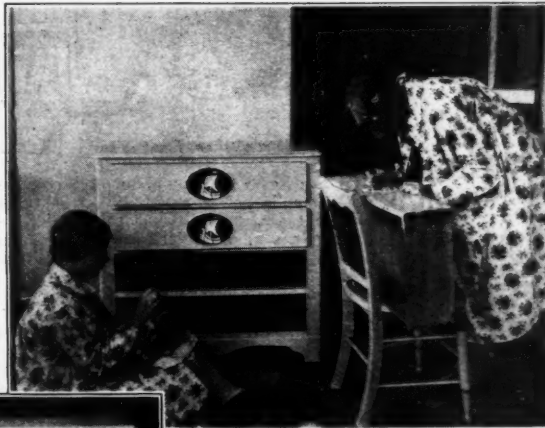


This picture was taken just as the chest was beginning to look more hopeful than it did as an old wornout piece of secondhand furniture!

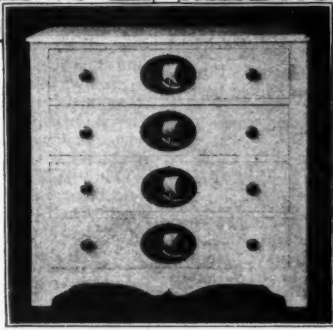
Let's Cook!

THIS was Lucille's idea when the Workbox got tired of working on Christmas gifts one rainy afternoon. Carola and Natalie, however, refused to think of such a thing until they had a proper outfit to do it in, for, as Natalie said, she had such a hard time making her first smock that she wasn't going to run the risk of getting it all messed up with cooking things. After discussing various pros and cons everyone decided that a fairly small and dainty apron with a cap to

match would be the best all-round outfit for experimental cooking at the G. Y. C.! So with some Indianhead and rickrack braid the G. Y. C. aprons began to take shape very quickly. Each girl used a yard and a half of white Indianhead to start the apron with.



Natalie had to do the drawer-knob handles over three times before they came out smooth. Helen had more fun stenciling



Behold the finished G. Y. C. Chest—the glorious result of hard work plus patience, skill and imagination. Why not try this with your old furniture?

Apron dimensions: Skirt, twenty-two inches from waist line after hemming and thirty-six inches wide. This is gathered on the waist, which is twenty-seven inches around and eighteen and a half inches from the shoulder. The back straps fasten at the shoulder and are twelve inches long and sewed to the back of the waist. These are joined together by a tab five inches long by three and one quarter inches wide sewed one and one half inches from the waist line. The apron ties are twenty inches long each. The

rickrack braid is on all the edges except the tie strings. The patch pockets are trimmed with it on the top edge. This meant four and a half yards of rickrack for binding each apron.

For the cap—take Indianhead that is twelve inches long and three and a half inches in the center after finishing, and one and one half inches wide at the ends. Three-quarters of a yard of rickrack is enough to go around the edge.

When you win your insignia you will be able to adapt the design of the keystone and the letters G. Y. C. Carola and Lucille made their own designs, but they look about the same, as they used these dimensions for their letters:

The G. and The C. — $\frac{3}{4}$ " high
The Y.— $1\frac{1}{4}$ " high

The whole insignia design when it was finished was $2\frac{1}{4}$ " high and 3" wide at the

widest point. The Workbox used black floss to stitch the letters on with and put narrow white tape on the ends of their caps to tie them on with.

Do you approve of the results?



Smiles that show how one feels after an enterprise is successfully achieved. You can get that way yourself—just try it!

BEHIND THE G. Y. C.

SOME time ago, when the G. Y. C. was still a very small idea indeed, but a very definite one, Betty and I and the Big Chief Editor himself went out to see the President of Simmons College, Henry Lefavour, Ph. D. He is an outstanding leader in the field of education today as the head of a unique institution with a remarkable international reputation—the largest vocational college for women in the world. He warmly approved of this plan of The Youth's Companion to encourage enterprises of an interesting, entertaining and worthwhile kind for all girls everywhere. It is a wonderful thing for the G. Y. C. to have behind it the advice of educators of his rank and the help of faculty members of such an institution as Simmons.

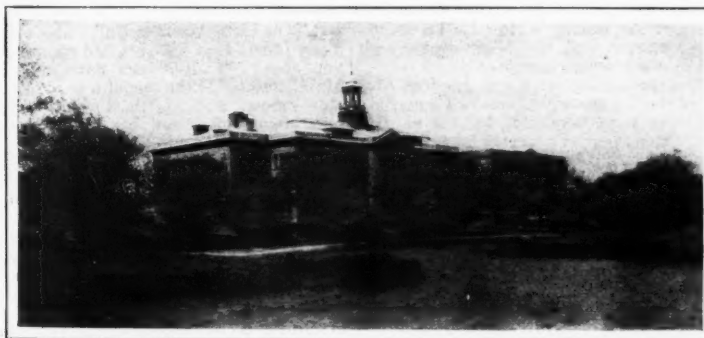
In future issues will come the names of expert advisers for the enterprises we undertake—special advisers are chosen for each enterprise as were the Judges for the Fashion Fête, because they are the best experts in their fields and therefore qualified to answer your questions for you and give us valuable advice in a way that we can all depend on with fullest confidence.

Whatever you are interested in, the G. Y. C. hopes to help you in many ways to realize that interest. And if you ever find in the future that the exact field of interest that you are keen about is not appearing among G. Y. C. enterprises, only write to Hazel Grey, Corresponding Secretary of the G. Y. C. and tell her what it is. We are a brand-new idea, and you can help, if you want to, in planning the things you will enjoy looking forward to seeing and winning prizes for doing on the G. Y. C. page in your Youth's Companion!

8 Arlington Street

Hazel Grey

Boston, Massachusetts.



This is Simmons College—a Simmons training means nothing less than expert knowledge which fits for independence

Are You With Us?

Elizabeth Merrill in California wrote to me and said in the saddest-sounding way: "But won't there be any more room for letters from Betty and Suzanne when your page and you get all wrapped up in the G. Y. C.?" I should say there would—room for them, and our faithful fashion hints, and for your letters and pictures, as well as theirs, into the bargain! The only thing there *won't* be room for is anything that is not of interest to all of you who read and like The Youth's Companion and have come to count on it as a true friend and stand-by in every way that it possibly can be. As the G. Y. C., we are only going to be closer together than ever before and have a chance to take part in things as exciting as the Fashion Fête all the time. Parties, beauty problems, clothes, how to go to college and what to take when you do, how to earn extra money, how to give a good play, how to be popular—all these and many more are on the list for G. Y. C. enterprises.

Don't wait to clip the blank in the corner of the opposite page. You have no idea what surprises it will bring: H. G.

SCHOOLS

If you wish definite information and advice concerning a school please give age, whether Boys', Girls', Coeducational or Professional School is desired, and something of previous training and future ambitions.



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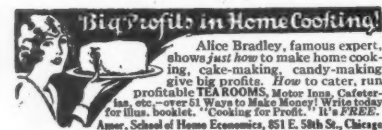
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A SECRET ABOUT SANTA CLAUS

Dear Children Who Read This Page:

Have I ever told you about my bookcase that stands beside my desk in the office where I am the Editor of this Children's Page? It is made of dark brown wood, and it has three shelves. I keep a plant in a blue china flower pot on top of it because I don't like to have an office look too officey, do you?

Did you know that every week I get books in my mail from somebody—sometimes a whole package of them from a big publisher who prints lots of books, and sometimes just one from one of your favorite story writers like Frances Margaret Fox or Miriam Clark Potter. They are all books I like to look at, because they are all children's books. I'm going to tell you about the ones I liked best of all.

THE SECRET

JUST before I start to do that, however, I will tell you the secret. Perhaps you have guessed it already. The secret is the answer to, "What happens to the books when the three shelves are all full and somebody sends you just a few more books?" Here is the answer: I send the ones I have read up to the North Pole, and Santa Claus uses them to put in his pack on Christmas Eve. All the other editors who get books for children do that, too, so that there are always enough to go round; and you can imagine the time it saves Santa, too, because otherwise he'd have to spend such a long time writing and illustrating and printing books himself. Now I am going to tell you about some of the books that have been on my bookcase shelves, and perhaps when you write a letter to Santa Claus to tell him what you want him to bring you, and ask him for the one you think you like the sound of the best, he will put it beside your stocking on Christmas morning before you are awake.

THE TALL SHELF

I'M going to begin with the books on the third shelf (which is the bottom one), because it is higher than the others and all the biggest books are kept on it for that reason—why, some of them are as high as eleven and a half inches!

The very first on the left-hand side of the shelf is called "The Treasure Ship," because it is filled with a cargo of poems and pictures and stories by such entertaining people as J. M. Barrie, A. A. Milne, Hugh Lofting and P. G. Wodehouse. It has a beautiful colored wrapper, too, with a picture of the loveliest green ship in full sail, on a very blue ocean. Another book that is something like "The Treasure Ship," because it is big and has a very bright wrapper and is filled with treasures, is called "Number Four Joy Street." If you have ever had "Number One," "Number Two" or "Number Three Joy Street," you already know what fun the Joy Street books are, with their stories and verses and pictures that you can look at over and over again without ever getting tired of them. They have been made for you by people like Lord Dunsany, Compton Mackenzie, Walter De La Mare, Roy Meldrum and the Nightingales and ever so many others just as nice!

Then there is a perfectly tremendous edition of the famous adventures of Pinocchio, who is the most wonderful, but the naughtiest, wooden puppet that ever lived. You remember that, if it hadn't been for the lovely fairy with the blue hair, his most important wish might never have been granted.

There are two books of fables on the third shelf, too. One of them is filled with tales and legends of old Russia and has the brightest illustrations you ever saw in your life of princesses and dragons, giants and kings, fishes and castles. Then the "Argosy of Fables" is a newly illustrated edition of all our old friends, and you should see the picture of the Lion and the Mouse and the Fox and the Stork, and, oh, all the others that you know about!

For the Children



THE MIDDLE SHELF

PERSONALLY, I like the second shelf of the bookcase especially, because it holds ever so many medium-sized books like the lovely ones that Scribner's sent me not long ago—new additions to their library of illustrated classics. The ones I got are "The Holly Tree" and other Christmas stories by Charles Dickens, "The Last Days of Pompeii" and the most thrilling edition of "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates"—you'll be very lucky indeed if you should find this book beside your stocking, for so many children are going to want it on account of the illustrations of Hans and Gretel skating on the canal in Holland, where they won the prize of the silver skates in the great race.

Our own Miriam Clark Potter sent me her new book called "The Sandman" for the second shelf, and you can find in it stories like "Mrs. Mudpie and the Hilltopper" and "Aunt Matilda's Birthday," which you have seen on your page in The Companion. I liked this book of stories and verses almost best of all the ones on the middle shelf, to tell you the truth, because it's full of the kind of stories and pictures that are nice to hear and see just before bedtime on a snowy evening.

"The Shadow Cut-out Book" is something new, and I had a good time with it one afternoon last week when it rained. And "The Rose Fyleman Fairy Book" must be a truly fairy book indeed, for only fairies themselves could have spun the delicate colors of the pictures in it.

THE TOP SHELF

ON the top shelf are little books like "Benjamin Bunny" and "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" and "The Tale of Two Bad Mice," by Beatrix Potter; I like those books so much that I couldn't bear to send them away, so I can only hope that some other editor has given some of them to Santa Claus this year if you want them. But I did send him a darling book about a black-and-white cat, who lived in a tiny red house all by himself until a little girl named Jean got lost and went to keep house for him. Its name is "The Tale of the Good Cat Jupie," and if you like kittens and cats you will love Jupie.

Have you ever seen "Peter Pan" as a play or in the movies? Would you like to see it in a book—with pictures that show just how John and his sister Wendy and his younger brother Michael flew with Peter Pan and the mischievous fairy, Tinker Bell, to the Never-Land? There is a picture of the underground house where the Lost Boys and Peter lived and Wendy kept house for them and Michael slept in a little basket because he was the youngest.

Then there are "The Adventures of Ludo, the Little Green Duck," which is a French story that has been translated for us, and "The Adventures of a Brownie," and "The Memoirs of a Donkey," and "Silver Pennies," and "The Little Wooden Doll," and ever so many others that I wish I had room to tell you about. "Lady Green Satin and Her Maid Rosette" is the tale of a very fashionable mouse, and "Little Lucia's School" tells about Lucia and her big collie dog, Laddie.

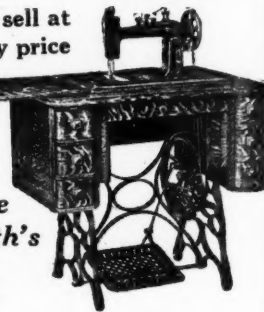
O dear, I don't want to stop, but it looks as if the page were going to end. If you would like to know some more about books, write me a letter and I'll send you a very special list that I have made out to help the readers of The Youth's Companion Children's Page to choose the nicest books that there are for their Christmas list for Santa Claus. And will you tell me if you liked the secret about Santa Claus and whether you would like me to tell you again some day about my bookcase?

Your friend,
The Editor of the Children's Page

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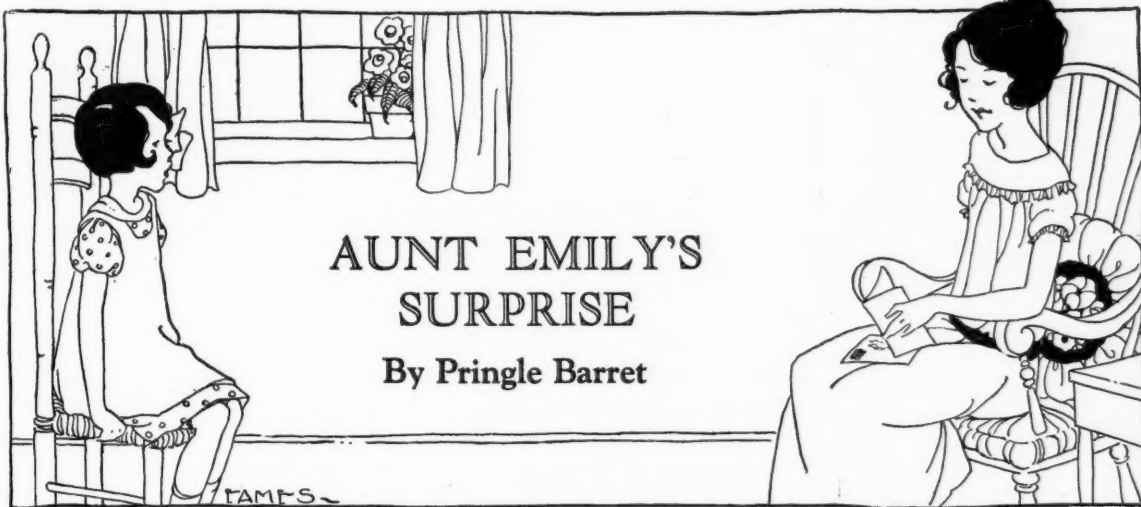
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The Children's Page



AUNT EMILY'S SURPRISE

By Pringle Barret

And then one day this great surprise came—it was a letter from Aunt Emily

HERE was one thing that little Jane Sanders wanted more than anything else in the world, and that was a green dress with tucks in it. Just why she wanted a green dress with tucks in it she did not exactly know, but Marjorie had one. And perhaps that was reason enough for Jane.

Marjorie had been a visitor at Jane's house all summer, and she and Jane had become devoted friends. The only thing they ever really quarrelled about was whether the town Marjorie came from was nicer than the town Jane lived in. For a while that was a sore point, and they made each other very unhappy about it until Jane declared that she thought it was a silly thing to fuss about and she wasn't going to fuss about it any more. She kept her word.

No matter how many times Marjorie would say, "Now, if we were

only in Frankfort, we could do so and so this afternoon," Jane would not fuss.

Now, if the truth must be told, Marjorie rather liked to fuss and argue and disagree and make up—so when she found that Jane wouldn't argue about towns she tried to start a quarrel about something else.

But Jane was determined, and she wouldn't—at least not until Marjorie began to tease her about not having a dress with tucks in it.

"Just think, you haven't a single dress with tucks in it," said Marjorie.

"I have too," said Jane. "My pink dress has big tucks in it."

"Fine tucks are nicer," said Marjorie.

"I like big ones," persisted Jane.

"Well, I have a green dress with tucks in it."

"I like pink just as well." But Jane didn't like pink just as well. She liked green, and she wanted a green dress just like Marjorie's.

She hoped that she would get it as a birthday present, but her birthday came and went without the green dress.

No one, except Marjorie, really knew how much she wanted it, and Marjorie only knew because she had tormented it out of her.

It was forgotten for a while during the excitement of packing Marjorie's trunk and saying good-by to her

when she had to start home, but now that there was no one for Jane to play with she had more time than ever to think about the dress.

She determined to ask mother if she couldn't have one. She did ask mother, and mother said that she believed Jane had all the dresses she needed, and that she thought it would be foolish to buy any more.

Then Jane was unhappy indeed! Sometimes she cried a little to herself, but she tried not to let anyone know that she was unhappy.

And then one day this great surprise came. It was a letter from Aunt Emily, and it said:

"Tell Jane that I am sending her a little present because she was so sweet to Marjorie and made her have such a good time. Marjorie seems to be sure that she will like it."

And when it came—yes, of course you know—it was a lovely green dress, exactly like Marjorie's, only with tucks just a little bit finer.



A WHIMSEY

By Bertha Standish Weber

I'm wondering if the trees have brains?

They never go in when it rains;
And that has always been the test

Of wits.

I guess there must be just a few
That maybe know a thing or two;

For, when in autumn colors
dressed,
They're bright,

But pine and cedar, fir and spruce,

For intellect have not much use;
They're country bumpkins at the best—

So green!



AUTUMN

By Mrs. Carolyn Deason Timmons

Last night the Indians frolicked,
As in the days gone by.

I know I heard their chanting
As winds came sweeping by.

In clay they found bright
yellow,

Warm red and brilliant blue,
And painted up their faces
As they so loved to do.

On leaves they cleaned their
brushes,

Wiped tints of every hue.

I wish I'd wakened early—

I might have seen them too.



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ACTUAL
VISITS
TO P & G
HOMES
No. 7

"Please don't call them blouses, mother —they're shirts"

*The largest-selling
laundry soap in the world
—that is why it
costs so little*

P and G became popular because it was such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

"OF course, Tommy calls them 'shirts,' now," smiled Mrs. Warner,* "but sometimes I still forget and call them 'blouses.' He's so grown-up these days that he brushes his hair and changes his blouses without being told."

We were talking to Mrs. Warner about laundry soap. We had met her in the course of a day in Detroit while asking women what kind of soap they used and why they liked it. Hospitably she had invited us into her pleasant, sunny living room and shown us three or four blouses which she had washed for Tommy just that morning.

"I *always* use P and G," she said, "and it is very easy to tell you why. It gets the clothes *clean*. P and G requires remarkably little rubbing—neckbands and wristbands, sometimes, and places like that.

"Then, I like to be careful about my clothes. I hate faded colors and with P and G my things stay bright and fresh. Take these blouses, for example.

*Not her real name of course.



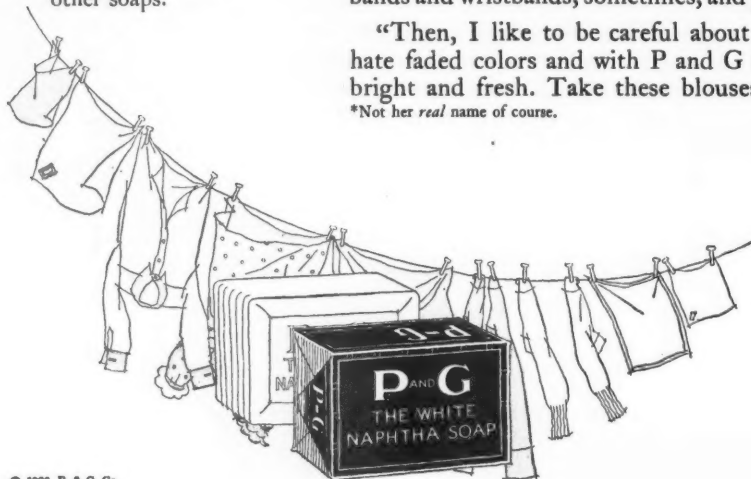
They get awfully dirty at the wrist, yet you can see the cuffs haven't faded. This lavender striped one is over a year old and has been washed just about every week.

"P and G is a wonderful all-round soap. I use it for my dishes and all my cleaning, too."

Millions of women have found that P and G is an ideal "all-round soap." Clothes come out dazzling white from P and G tubbings with a minimum of rubbing. And they have a fresh, clean fragrance afterwards that smells like sun and wind and all outdoors. With hot,

warm, or cold water, P and G works beautifully—washes clothes, or dishes, or bathroom, or woodwork to absolute spotlessness. No wonder it is the largest-selling laundry soap in the world! We would suggest that you try it yourself to discover how much real help it will give you with *your* washing and cleaning.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



A time-saving hint from Mrs. Warner

"I iron my sheets at the same time that I iron small pieces. I simply place the sheet on the board ready to iron and then iron my napkins and handkerchiefs and other small pieces right on it. As the sheet gets ironed, I keep it moving. This little trick saves quite a bit of time."